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The Sketch

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FORMERLY VISCOUNTESS CURZON: THE NEW COUNTESS HOWE.

Viscount Curzon, M.P., who has been Unionist Member for the South Division of Battersea since 1918, has just succeeded his father, the late Earl Howe, and is the fifth holder of the title. His beautiful wife, who is now Countess Howe, was formerly Miss Mary Curzon, and is his cousin, as she is the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, eighth son of the first Earl Howe. She is considered to be one of the most beautiful women in Society; and her daughter—now the Lady Georgiana Curzon—who made her début last year, is also greatly admired.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.



OIL AND WATER.

LOOK not upon the Martini when it is dry, for at the last it stingeth the blood-stream like a serpent and biteth the nerve-cells like an adder. Just read this (from the *Times*)—

In the current issue of the *British Journal of Inebriety*, Professor W. E. Dixon, of Cambridge, utters a warning against the drinking of "cocktails" by young people. He points out that cocktails usually contain a solution of volatile oil mixed with vermouth and such spirits as gin, brandy, or whisky. The oil serves as a mild irritant to the stomach, and the absorption of the spirit is thereby accelerated. Further, the cocktail is taken at a time when the stomach is empty, and consequently passes very rapidly into the blood-stream. As soon as the spirit reaches the blood it is absorbed into the central nervous system, where it produces a stimulation of the nerve-cells which lasts until the tension of alcohol in the cells and in the blood becomes equal, after which the alcohol exerts its ordinary action. There is thus a brief period of strong stimulation. Professor Dixon thinks that this period lasts only about fifteen minutes in most instances, and ascribes the popularity of cocktails to the very rapid manner in which those who drink them are brought under the influence of alcohol and are, again, released from that influence.

Now then. After *that*, will you ever touch a cocktail again? You need not answer if your evidence would incriminate you.

Isn't the British Press too wonderful? Not a single hobby which is not catered for! A whole journal devoted solely to Inebriety! I wonder if there is also a *Dope Gazette*, a *Heroin Herald*, and a *Cocaine Courier*? There are other vices for which one might suggest official organs, but I think they are already sufficiently provided for. Anyhow, the *Journal of Inebriety* ought to be sure of a large public on both sides of the Atlantic. Personally, I should like to be a constant reader, but I am so afraid of learning that whisky-and-soda, taken in volatile oil, percolates into the ductless glands, sets up hypertrophy of the epithalamium, and renders the pancreatic tract peculiarly susceptible to the incipient stages of Blodgett's disease.

However, I do not propose to take my whisky-and-soda in volatile oil. Truth to tell, this volatile oil is a new one on me. I am assured by those who have experience in the matter that there are practically no limits, for an imaginative person, to the ingredients of cocktails; but none of these experts has ever heard of a dash of paraffin or cod-liver oil in any self-respecting appetiser. If there *is* volatile oil in a cocktail, then I don't consider it cricket. The space taken up by the volatile oil might be so much more profitably employed. And when I quaff a cocktail, I like to think—though Professor Dixon makes me doubt—that I am a human being, not a sewing-machine or a gear-box.

I object also to this suggestion of "mild irritant." I deny any intention of irritating that part of my frame to which the Professor so bluntly alludes. What I want is, in Wordsworth's inspiring phrase—

> A perfect cocktail, nobly planned,
> To warm, to comfort, and command.

It is all very well to say that tum-tums ought not to need warming, comforting, and commanding; but you know what tum-tums *are*. You can't help knowing. It is the cross we all have to bear.

The Professor is too sweeping. "The cocktail is taken at a time when the stomach is empty." Sometimes; but if it is a sufficiently attractive cocktail it may be taken—and, what is more, it *is* taken—when the stomach is the reverse of empty. Again: "This period" (of "strong stimulation") "lasts only about fifteen minutes." Surely that depends upon the number of cocktails taken. For example, assuming the basis of the Professor's calculation to be correct, if you maintain the tension of alcohol in the cells by ninety-six successive cocktails, you may remain in a state of strong stimulation for twenty-four hours; after which time you will probably be dead or in gaol, but still you will have proved how loose they are sometimes at Cambridge in their mathematics.

What distresses me most is the statement that the popularity of cocktails is due to "the very rapid manner in which those who drink them are brought under the influence of alcohol, and *are, again, released from that influence.*" I never realised before that I drank a cocktail in order to be released from its influence. It seems to me a poor sort of drink which simply cancels itself out. I hate to think of all those expensive materials just evaporating in the medulla oblongata, or wherever it is. I suppose the only consolation is that you can start all over again with a clear conscience and a clean blood-stream. However, to be quite safe, I think in future I shall stick to neat rum, or good, honest methylated spirits. I have been grossly deceived by these cocktails.

I admit that cocktails may have their faults; but think of all the other things that are injurious to the system. Take water. I mean, take it if the worst comes to the worst. Place a drop of alcohol under a microscope, and what do you find? A beautiful, pure, pellucid liquid useful for all sorts of purposes. You can drink it, or you can shampoo your hair with it, or you can heat tongs with it, or you can preserve dead frogs in it. But put a drop of water under a microscope, and what do you find? A perfect welter of virulent germs. Millions of them, all conspiring against you. Of course, Professor Dixon may say that you can boil water, whereas you can't boil a cocktail. He may be right: at least, I never heard of a mulled Martini. But not even President Hoover could drink boiled or boiling water *all* the time. Sooner or later, you are certain to swallow those germs. Then think of the action of water on the digestive and the nervous system. After all, it is better to stimulate the nerve-cells than to drown them: it is better to give the stomach a mild irritant than a cold douche. The phagocytes have quite enough to contend with already; it is discouraging for them to be constantly drenched and chilled. Experiments conducted on behalf of the *British Budget of Booze* show that water-on-the-stomach almost invariably leads to water-on-the-brain. If you go on drinking water, you become gradually *eroded*; whereas, if you go on drinking volatile oil, you merely become oiled. However, it must be admitted that water suffers by comparison with cocktails in one respect—nobody ever drank it in order to be released from its influence. But that is just the insidious thing about it: once you

[Continued on page x.



CABARET PRODUCER (*who has dragged Manager through snowstorm to a rehearsal*): "There now, don't you agree these new fur costumes add just that seasonable touch that was wanted!"

DRAWN BY EDGAR SPENCELEY.

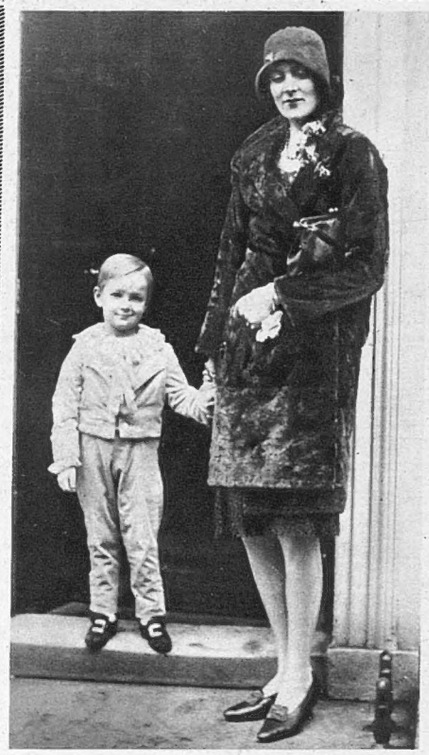


BELVOIR, COTTESMORE, QUORN, BRAMHAM MOOR, AND GARTH SNAPSHOTS.

Lord Dorchester, is the second Baron. The Hon. Diana Carleton is his elder daughter.——Lady Conyers is the wife of Lord Conyers, younger son of the fourth Earl of Yarborough, who inherited the titles of Conyers and Fauconberg from his mother, the Countess of Yarborough, who was in her own right Baroness Fauconberg and Conyers.——Lady Allendale is the wife of Viscount Allendale, and is a daughter of Sir Charles Seely.——The Hon. Edward Lascelles is the brother of Viscount Lascelles.——The Hon. Peter Beatty is the younger son of Admiral Earl Beatty; and Mrs. J. Baird is the wife of the Master of the Cottesmore.——The Countess of Brecknock is the daughter-in-law of Marquess Camden; and Viscount Ebrington is the elder son of Earl Fortescue.——The Hon. Diana Fellowes is the sister of Lord de Ramsey.

Photographs by L.N.A., Alfieri and P.A.

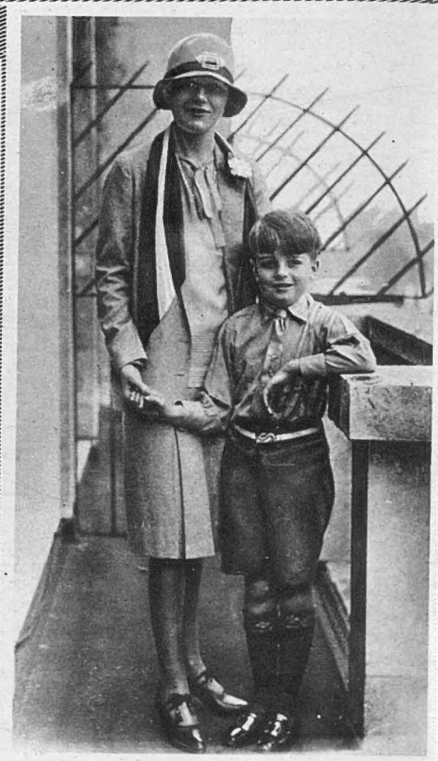
'Infants', A Young Page, and Two Engagements of Note.



OFF TO THE DUNWICH-GROSVENOR WEDDING: LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY IN A PURPLE-DYED MOLESKIN COAT, WITH HER SON, PAT.



A FIVE-YEAR-OLD PEER AND HIS MOTHER: LORD FOLEY WITH LADY FOLEY.



AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD EARL AND HIS MOTHER: LORD WILTON WITH LADY WILTON.



A NEWLY ENGAGED PAIR: MISS "LULU" GREER AND MR. R. M. HUGHES.



ONE OF THE LATEST ENGAGEMENTS TO BE ANNOUNCED: MISS MAY MOND AND HER FIANCÉ, LIEUTENANT ALDE MARINO DEI CONTI CIPPICO.



ENJOYING THE WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ: LORD AND LADY KNOLLYS.

Patrick Filmer-Sankey, grandson of the Duke of Westminster, was a page at the marriage of Viscount Dunwich and Miss Barbara Grosvenor.——Lord Foley, who was born on Aug. 9, 1923, succeeded his father in 1927 as eighth Baron. Lady Foley, who was formerly Miss Minoru Greenstone, has composed a waltz, "Ever With Me."——Lord Wilton, who was born

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in May 1921, succeeded his father as seventh Earl in 1927. Lady Wilton was formerly Miss Brenda Petersen.——Miss "Lulu" Greer, only child of Lord Justice and Lady Greer, is engaged to Mr. R. Moelwyn Hughes.——Miss May Mond is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Mond. ——Lady Knollys was formerly Miss M. Coats.

Photographs by B.I., Bassano, Photopress, S. and G., Keystone, and Express.

The Engagement of Norway's Crown Prince: A Family Group.

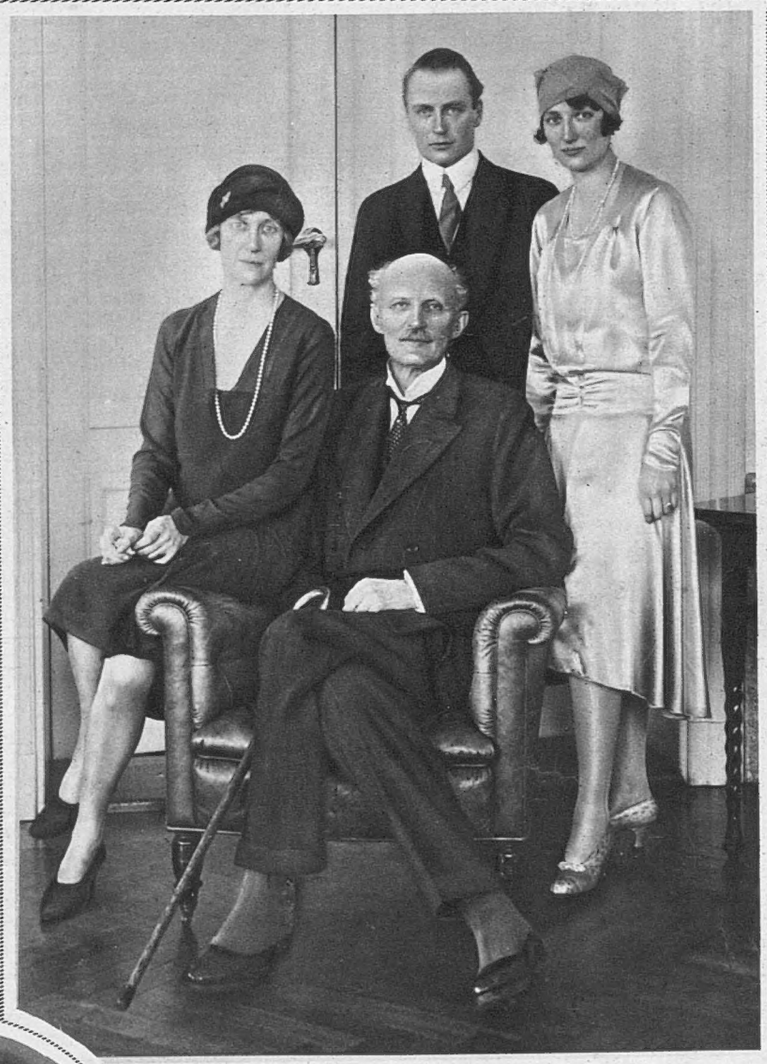




TO MARRY THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY: PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY AND HIS FIANCÉE: PRINCE OLAF AND PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN.



THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCE OLAF AND PRINCESS MARTHA WITH THE PRINCESS'S PARENTS, PRINCE CHARLES, AND PRINCESS INGEBORG, DUKE AND DUCHESS OF VÄSTERGÖTLAND.

The engagement of the Crown Prince of Norway to Princess Martha of Sweden, daughter of Prince Charles, Duke of Västergötland, and sister to Princess Axel of Denmark, and to the Duchess of Brabant, was announced last week, and is of great interest to this country, for Prince Olaf, Crown Prince of Norway, is the nephew of the King, as his mother, Queen Maud of Norway, is the third daughter of King Edward VII., and sister of King George. The royal bridegroom-to-be is well known in this country, as he was born

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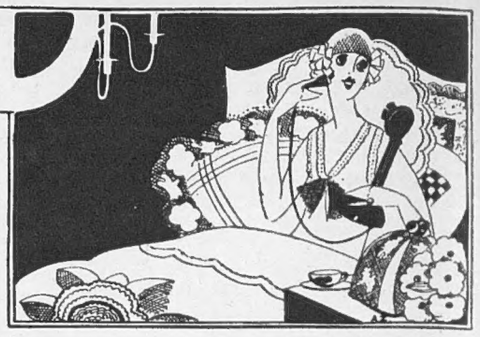
THE FUTURE QUEEN OF NORWAY: PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN, WHO IS ENGAGED TO PRINCE OLAF.

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at Appleton House, Sandringham, on July 2, 1903, and was educated at Balliol. He is an all-round sportsman, an unusually expert ski-runner and jumper, and represented Oxford against Cambridge in the fencing with a sabre. He is a yachtsman, and when he visited Cowes in 1926 he won a race with his eight-metre "Oslo." Princess Martha, who is shown on this page in several different poses, as well as with her fiancé, in the family group, is Prince Olaf's first cousin, as her mother, who was Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, is King Haakon's sister. She is a strikingly beautiful girl, and is fond of music and fine needlework.

Photographs by C.P.P., C.N., and S. and G.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY



JANUARY is not the most cheerful of months in London, and its dreary, sunless days and raw mornings are apt to engender depression in even the most optimistic breast. However, the numerous brides and bridegrooms who have chosen this month are doing their best to keep our spirits up with the display of spring flowers and gay bridesmaids' frocks that enliven their weddings.



1. How many people are there who have passed through this world even once without consulting an oculist at some time or other? Really *none*. So, after a few quite *prostrating* headaches, and a peculiar inability to see policemen when driving, Mariegold thought it high time that she sought expert advice.

Miss Oonagh Brassey, whose marriage to Mr. Michael Henderson was the first important event of the week, made a charming figure in her long-skirted, all-golden gown, and her retinue of bridesmaids in shimmering frocks looked very attractive. The arrangement of bunches of tawny-gold chrysanthemums at either side of the attendants' head-dresses was both pretty and becoming, and Miss Brassey—now Mrs. Henderson—certainly had a very good-looking *cortège* of maids. The shingle, by the way, is evidently being definitely abandoned by the very young, for all the attendants—who included Miss Peggy Henderson and her cousin, Miss Diana Henderson—appeared to be growing their hair, and had arranged little curls turning up at the back of their chaplets with excellent effect.

Lady Violet Henderson, the mother of the bridegroom, looked very well in a green patterned velvet, worn under a fur coat, and the reception at Lord Donoughmore's house in Chesterfield Gardens was crowded with members of the big "Henderson clan" and many friends. Lord Faringdon was there to see his grandson married; and the tall, blonde Mrs. Arnold Henderson was in great good looks. The youth of the bride and bridegroom added to the atmosphere of gaiety which characterised the wedding, and it was a delightful idea to bring in the men and N.C.O.s of the 16-5th Lancers who formed the guard of honour and invite them to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom when the cake was cut.

Lord Dunwich's marriage to Miss Barbara Grosvenor was the next wedding on the week's list, and I never saw a lovelier bride than Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor's daughter. I don't, as a rule, like all-lace wedding dresses, but Lord Dunwich's bride looked enchanting, and the heirloom lace which composed her dress, train, and veil was most skilfully arranged, and caught together with pearls in a clever and attractive manner. The bridesmaids, in apricot velvet frocks, included the two lovely Pole-Carew girls, who have inherited their mother's fine eyes, and are always so much admired; and the bevy of children were both strikingly pretty and well-behaved little "officials."

The youngest member of the congregation was Captain and Mrs. Robin Grosvenor's infant son, who was brought by his nurse, who held him in her arms as she sat at the back of the church. He, however, felt he must join in the ceremony, and when the responses were being spoken he came in with a most resounding baby gurgle which sounded uncommonly like "No, no, no," when the bridegroom was being asked if he would "take this woman to be his wedded wife"!

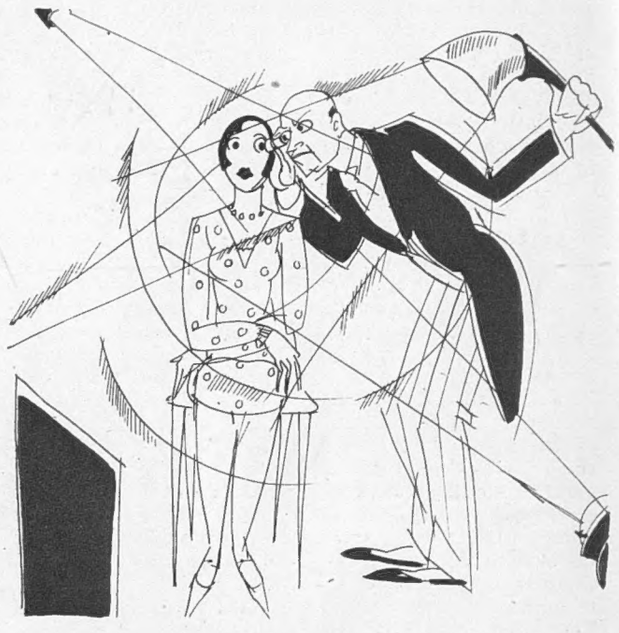
Lady Stradbroke and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, mothers of the bridegroom and bride respectively, made a handsome pair—the former in a dark red dress worn with a moleskin wrap, and the latter in a chinchilla coat and blue velvet toque. The church was simply packed, and the charming old-fashioned custom of distributing white-heather favours to all guests from gilt baskets was followed.

As for the reception at Halkyn House, it was a very large and well-attended one; and although Lord and Lady Beauchamp's mansion is extremely spacious, there was little room to move about. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Captain Robert James were taking no chances of their small children being pushed and jostled by the crowd, for Lady Ursula carried her lovely little boy Patrick on her shoulder, and Captain James had his girl Ursula perched on his. The children were delighted with this means of transport, and were shaking hands with friends and munching cakes in great glee. Lady Ursula, by the way, was a specially striking figure, as she wore one of the French coats of dyed moleskin carried out in a vivid parma violet, and a hat to match. Miss Isolde Grosvenor, the elder sister of the bride, looked very well in a bright green skull-cap hat and a green velvet coat, cut on tight-fitting lines; and Lady Shaftesbury and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew were among the many handsome women of the older generation.

As for the flowers, they were simply superb, both in the church and at the reception. Halkyn House was adorned with great masses of tulips; and as one looked at them one felt that, in spite of the gloom of a January day, spring could not be so very far away.

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The New Gallery was more packed than ever the other Sunday for the Film Society's presentation of the long-postponed "Ways to Health and Beauty," illustrated in last week's *Sketch*. It is very consoling to be told that beauty of form may be attained by any of us at the price of a little energy. The other mainstay of the programme, in addition to an amusing short semi-amateur production from the States, was "Rien que les Heures," a French counterpart of the striking "Berlin" that we were shown last year. But it did not stand comparison with the German production, for in "Berlin" we did in fact receive a forceful and unforgettable impression of a day in the life of a great city—a city with a character of its own, regarded from every aspect, with every detail unobtrusively and artistically welded into a powerful whole. In this case only an occasional flash of the Eiffel Tower and the Place de la Concorde reminded us that we were watching a representation of Paris. The general effect was one of incoherence: the few episodes selected for prolonged treatment were characteristic of any town;



2. After studying the A.B.C. and doing a little optical arithmetic, Mariegold was subjected to the glare of a mighty searchlight, while Mr. Fergusson Fog murmured strange things about "irises" and "moats," "dilated pupils" and "crook's dens," and long words which were unintelligible but terrifying.

and the spirit of Paris, that intoxicating, elusive thing that throbs in Charpentier's "Louise," was entirely absent. On the whole, the picture, though ingenious, never really succeeded in coming to life. But it is now time that a British company made the same experiment with London. Perhaps the Film Society already have such a film



3. Mariegold was quite numbed when she heard his verdict. Evidently she had suffered from "myopia-astigmatium" since early childhood, and, without proper care, would be blind in two years. She had come to him in the *nick* of time.

"up their sleeve" for our edification next season. I shall await it eagerly.

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My correspondent from St. Moritz tells me that plenty of slings and crutches are to be seen about at the Palace Hotel these days, as Mr. Alfred Beit, who came to winter-sport in a party that included Lord and Lady Hastings and Mrs. Condon, had a bad accident ski-ing in the first few days of his visit; and Mr. Vivian Cornelius, husband of the former Lady Northesk, and Mr. Warwick Wright have also come to grief. The latter had an accident on the Cresta Run which prevented him from taking part in any of the big bobsleigh races this year.

People of importance are still streaming out to St. Moritz to enjoy the fun in the snow and sunshine, and recent arrivals include Lady Darnley, with her sister, Mrs. Curtis, and her brother, Mr. Hugh Kidston, as well as Lord Donegall, who stayed for a week. Lord Rosse and his brother have also been there. One of the most amusing evenings of the season was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham Reid's fancy-dress party in a small hotel on the far side of the lake. The condition that "something funny" had to be worn by every guest was well fulfilled, as the most comical costumes were to be seen. Lady Portarlington went as a young man of æsthetic tastes, Mrs. de Landa was a noble Austrian Guardsman, and Lord Portarlington chose to appear as a very much discussed book! Then there was Lord Donegall disporting himself as a chorus girl, and the host in a costume which he described as that of a "Jew of Turkish descent," and Mr. Cornelius as a navvy, while the hostess herself was a little girl. There was much gaiety and laughter over the perfectly absurd costumes, and the party went on until very late.

Another merry evening at St. Moritz took place at the last Palace Gala night, when a revue was acted by hotel guests. The *pièce de résistance* of the performance was a witty playlet written especially for the occasion by Mr. Michael Arlen, and featuring a young honeymoon couple at St. Moritz. Miss Rosie Dolly (Mrs. Mortimer Davis) played the lead; and other star performers were Miss Gladys Rogers, Mr. Henry Martineau, and Baron de Morpurgo.

A huge and distinguished company formed the audience for the "Great Revue." Sir Henri Deterding had a large dinner party before the show, and Lord and Lady Plunket were giving a farewell party near by. Mr. Geoffrey Allen—who, though still in the 'twenties, is the head of a big and flourishing business—was entertaining a galaxy of "star" guests. Gene Tunney, fresh from his walking tour in England, was one of them, and his wife, who is remarkably "easy to look at," as they say in her country. Lady de Vesci and her son, Lord Rosse, Captain Menzies, and the Marquise de Jaucourt, and Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse were also in the party, as well as the Portarlingtons, so it certainly was a collection of celebrities of different nations.

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My post-bag also brings me a letter from Egypt, which tells me that Colonel and Mrs. George Keppel, both looking very well, have just returned from a wonderful trip up the Nile, made in company with Princess Polignac, and at the time of writing were staying at the Residency. Mrs. Keppel is a keen and first-rate contract bridge player, but her hostess finds it somewhat difficult to find enough players worthy of her steel to make up a game. Contract is greatly played in Alexandria, but bridge of the ordinary kind is the universal Cairo distraction between sports and dinner-time, and the intricacies of the newer game have not been mastered by many!

The tourist season in the Town of the Minarets is just beginning, and the visitors' lists at the big hotels are daily lengthening. Miss Maude Royden paid a visit to Cairo on her way home from her world tour; and Sir John and Lady Mullens, Lord Dewar, and Sir Percival Marling are others who have either arrived or are expected. The Mullens—who, by the way, are accompanied by Lady (Arthur) Pearson—have chartered a private steamer, the *Chonsu*, to take them and their party up to Assouan. That is without doubt the most delightful way of seeing the Land of the Pharaohs, for not only can you stop when and where you please without regard to the time-table which rules the ordinary boats, but you can avoid your fellow-trippers and evade the hosts of touting donkey boys and guides who plead with disarming smiles on their dusky faces: "You engage me show you everythings. I very good guide. I am the limit!"—this rather *démodé* catchword being the very latest piece of *chic* in dragoman circles.

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Those who are not disporting themselves in Switzerland are now assembling on the Riviera, and I hear that the season is in full swing and is turning out to be remarkably brilliant, in spite of its late start.

The Duke of Westminster, who has been rather out of sorts lately, recently wired a friend that he would spend a few days at Monte Carlo, in the hope of the sunshine making him fit again, and was expected last week. Everyone was wondering what sort of a game of trente-et-quarante "Bend Or" will play now that the limit has been raised to 60,000 francs. Formerly he has always played the 12,000 limit, letting the plaques of 12,000 francs stand in majestic piles when he was winning, much to the amazement and entertainment of spectators at the Sporting Club, where everyone has a "whirl" now and then. Mrs. Dudley Coats has been worrying the croupiers considerably of late. She was only out for a very short visit with her mother, Mrs. Willie James, and planned to return to England and her hunting last week. She said that her fall was not as serious as was reported; but it alarmed her mother so much that she had to go out to the Riviera to prove that she wasn't killed or seriously damaged.

Lord Charles Hope has been in Cannes, but was at Monte Carlo for lawn-tennis last week. He has practically given up his golf for the more active delights of tennis. Sir James and Lady Dunn are recent arrivals, and are at their lovely villa, Lou Mas, on Cap Ferrat. They have his fascinating youngster, whom they call "Kit," with them.

One of the most brilliant dinners of the season took place at Ciro's the other evening. Mr. William Wessels was the host, and entertained Colonel and Mrs. Jacques Balsan, Mrs. Willie James, Mrs. Dudley Coats, the Reginald Fellowes', and others. Mme.



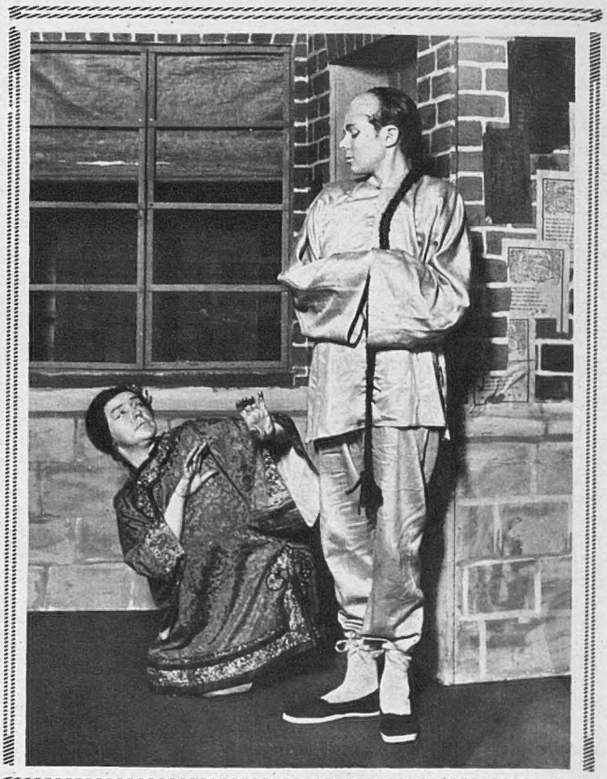
4. Alas when she tried to rise from the chair! Dazed and confused by the lights, she could see *nothing*. Nothing but figures, letters, spots, and stars. Undoubtedly she was going blind *immediately*! It took quite half an hour of Mr. Fergusson Fog's invaluable time to comfort and reassure poor Mariegold.

Balsan looked very *chic* in a wonderful black lace over gold lamé, which showed off her fine pearls; Mrs. Dudley Coats wore blue lace; and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes had a lovely black tulle frock. MARIEGOLD.

Anglers, Race-Goers, An Airwoman, and Private Theatricals.



THE FORMER MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS AN ANGLER: LADY DUDLEY, WITH LORD DUDLEY AND TWO SALMON HE KILLED ON THE TAY.



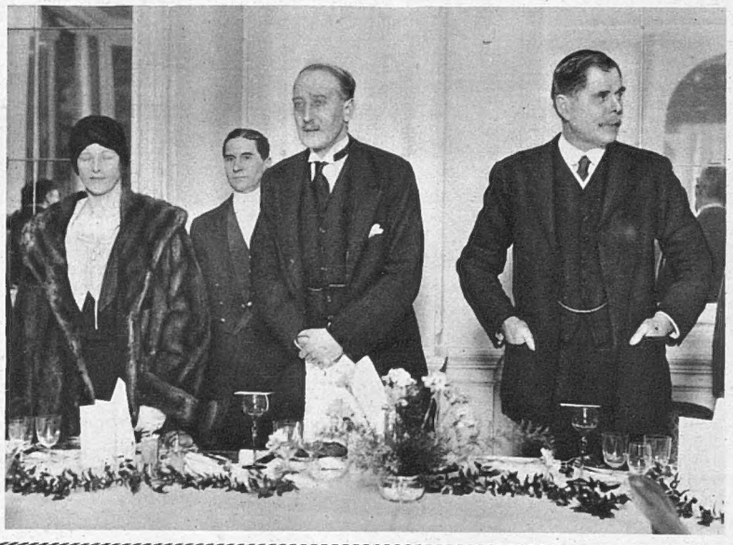
THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH'S THEATRICALS IN AID OF THE ROYAL WEST SUSSEX HOSPITAL: MRS. M. BARTLETT AS HWAK KEE AND VISCOUNT DUNCANNON AS CHIM FANG.



AT THE TENBY HUNT MEETING: THE HON. MRS. BASIL MUNDY, LORD AND LADY SUFFIELD, AND LORD KYLSANT.



"CAT AND THE CHERUB" PRODUCED AT THE PRIVATE THEATRE OF STANSTED PARK: MISS KATHERINE WYLD AS AH YOI AND THE HON. GEOFFREY BROWNE AS WING SUN LUEY.



AT THE ROYAL AERO CLUB'S LUNCH IN HER HONOUR: THE HON. LADY BAILEY, WITH LORD THOMSON AND SIR HUGH TRENCHARD.

The Earl of Dudley, who is a keen fisherman, has been enjoying good sport at Stanley, Perthshire, on the Tay. Our photograph shows him with an 18- and a 16-pounder he killed. Lady Dudley was formerly Miss Gertie Millar.——Lady Suffield is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Kylsant; and the Hon. Mrs. Basil Mundy is the younger sister of Lord Tredegar.——The Hon. Lady Bailey was entertained at lunch by the Royal Aero Club after she had reached England last week after her wonderful solo flight from Cape Town.——"Cat and the Cherub" was produced at the private theatre of Stansted Park, Emsworth, by an amateur company, in aid of the West Sussex Hospital. Viscount Duncannon and Lady Moyra Ponsonby, son and daughter of Lord and Lady Bessborough, both took part. The Hon. Geoffrey Browne is the brother of Lord Oranmore and Browne.

Photographs by T.P.A. and C.P.

We Take Off Our Hat to—



MR. HERBERT HASELTINE, THE DISTINGUISHED SCULPTOR OF ANIMALS.
FOR FINDING THE CHEEK-BONES OF A TROUT THE ONLY THING ABOUT THAT FISH WORTH EATING.
Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the sculptor of animals, is reported to have said that the cheek-bones of a trout were the only thing about that fish worth eating. This remark conjures up a refined "gourmandise" beyond the dreams of Lucullus.



SIR EDWARD ELGAR.
FOR SAYING MODESTLY, "I AM NOT THE SORT OF MAN TO BE INSPIRED."
Sir Edward Elgar, the celebrated composer, and Master of the King's Musick since 1924, said recently: "I am not the sort of man to be inspired." This is a modest statement, which Sir Edgar's many admirers will rise in a body to challenge when they think of "The Dream of Gerontius," etc.



MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA.
FOR SAYING THAT MR. BALDWIN'S LITERARY DISCOVERIES ARE ALWAYS OF A MARY, AND THAT SHE IS ALWAYS DEAD.
Mr. Baldwin's first "literary discovery" was the late Mary Webb, author of "Precious Bane." The Prime Minister also recommends people to read the works of the late Mary Johnstone, who wrote "By Order of the Company," etc.



MR. F. E. BAILY.
FOR DARING TO SAY, "AT PRESENT WOMEN DON'T THINK."
Mr. F. E. Baily, the author, said recently: "At present women don't think . . . all the things women feel strongly about, from easier divorce to compulsory domestic service for all females on the 'dole,' tend to benefit themselves. Mentally they still resemble small children at the egotistic stage."



MR. HENRY FORD.
FOR SAYING THAT "A MAN WHO CANNOT THINK IS NOT AN EDUCATED MAN."
Mr. Henry Ford, who has himself thought to some purpose in evolving the "Lizzie," who has now become so beautiful a creature, states that the man who cannot think is not educated, no matter how many college degrees he may have acquired.



MISS VENETIA STEPHENSON.
FOR BEING THE FIRST WOMAN TO DEFEND IN A CASE OF MURDER.
Miss Venetia Stephenson is the first woman to defend in a case of murder. When the Judge opened his summing-up, he began with a tribute to the "learned Counsel for the Defence," and said that the case was defended with conspicuous ability.



MRS. J. T. GREIN.
FOR HAVING A BRACE OF "NOMS-DE-GUERRE."
Mrs. J. T. Grein, the wife of the well-known critic and playwright, is a regular contributor to "The Sketch" and the "Illustrated London News," over the signature of "Michael Orme." She acted in her husband's recent production of "Thérèse Raquin" under the name of "Mlle. Alice Grévin."



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
FOR SAYING THAT IT IS BETTER TO BE A SYMPATHETIC SINNER THAN A CENSORIOUS RIGHTEOUS PERSON.
The Archbishop of York said recently that it is better to be a sympathetic sinner than a censorious righteous person. All those who have suffered from "acidulated virtue" will treasure up his Lordship's remark with delight.



BRIG.-GEN. SIR GEORGE COCKERILL, M.P.
FOR SAYING THAT "ZOO" LIONS WOULD BE HAPPIER AFTER EDUCATION.
Sir George Cockerill, said that "lions in captivity . . . are obviously happier and more at their ease when trained." This remark might be taken to mean that Sir George considers "Zoo" lions would be happier if educated.



MISS MARGARET WULFHILDA PROTHERO.
FOR ADDING A BARRISTER TO A C.I.D. INSPECTOR'S FAMILY.
Miss Margaret Wulfhilda Prothero, daughter of Chief Inspector Prothero, of Scotland Yard, has just passed the final Bar examination. It is interesting to add that her brother is a solicitor, so that, as she has put it herself: "We have law in the home."

Photographs by T.P.A., Russell, Guttenburg, Vaughan, Barratt, P. and A.P., and Lafayette.

At Rushbrooke Hall: The Governor of Kenya and His Wife and Son.



WHERE SIR EDWARD AND THE HON. LADY GRIGG SPENT THE LAST DAYS OF HIS LEAVE: RUSHBROOKE HALL, THE SEAT OF LORD ISLINGTON.



THE ONLY CHILD OF LORD AND LADY ISLINGTON: THE HON. LADY GRIGG WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF KENYA COLONY.



WITH THEIR INFANT SON, JOHN: LIEUT.-COL. SIR EDWARD GRIGG, K.C.V.O. C.M.G., ETC., AND THE HON. LADY GRIGG.



SHOWING THE OLD DRAWBRIDGE AND THE MOAT: A VIEW OF RUSHBROOKE HALL, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, THE SEAT OF THE HON. LADY GRIGG'S PARENTS.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Edward Grigg, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., was formerly Military Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kenya Colony since 1925. His marriage to the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, only child of Lord and Lady Islington, took place in 1923, and they have one son, John, born in 1924. Sir Edward Grigg has been in England on leave, and spent the last days of his vacation at Rushbrooke Hall, Lord Islington's beautiful old country seat near Bury St. Edmunds. He was due to return to Nairobi last week; but Lady Grigg is staying on in England until later in the year, and will remain with her parents at Rushbrooke Hall until she sails for Kenya.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR A. OWEN, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."





FORMERLY MISS AUDREY EMERY:
PRINCESS ILLINSKY AND PRINCE PAUL ILLINSKY.

Princess Illinsky is the wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch, son of the Grand Duke Paul-Alexandrovitch of Russia. She was formerly Miss Audrey Emery, and on her marriage to the Grand Duke Dmitri, in November 1926, she was given the title of Princess Illinsky on the authorisation of the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia—Illinsky being the birthplace of her husband. Our photograph shows Princess Illinsky with her baby son, Prince Paul Illinsky.



THE AMERICAN-BORN WIFE OF A GRAND DUKE; AND HER SON.

Camera Portrait by Lafayette, exclusive to "The Sketch."

True Sympathy at the Dutch Exhibition.

By SYBIL VINCENT.

UNTIL recently I always regarded sympathy as one of the highest human emotions. Not being very sympathetic by nature, I envied the quality in others. But this was before I went to the Exhibition of Dutch Art at Burlington House with the sympathetic lady. Technically, I suppose, I did not go with her at all. I never knew her name. Still, I repeat we went to the Dutch Exhibition together—or rather, I happened to pass through the turnstile immediately after her, and, owing to the place being so crowded that everyone had to form part of a queue that circulated round the rooms, we went round together. Once or twice we were parted for a few minutes, but always met again. A regular escape was impossible.

I must not forget to mention the third member of our party. She was a perfect example of the old-fashioned theatrical confidant. Except for the proper consolation on suitable occasions, her conversation was entirely limited to "Yes, dear!" and "No, dear!"

Perhaps it is hardly fair to mention the first room, which contains the Primitives, because they did not give the sympathetic lady a real chance to expose her powers. True, she commented sadly upon the unhealthy appearance of the "Five Members of the Fellowship of Jerusalem," by Jan Van Scorel, saying that, from the look of one of the pilgrim's eyes, she would imagine he suffered from Bright's disease. "The Sermon," by Lucas Van Leyden, also called forth an impassioned appeal as to why they were all standing up, and how much more comfortable it would have been if pews had been provided, and how much their legs must have ached. Still, it was not until we had reached the second room that her quite superhuman powers of sympathy really asserted themselves.

On the right wall hangs Molenaer's charming picture of a "Family Gathering." Everyone in the group is dressed in the height of mid-seventeenth century fashion, with deep collars and cuffs of snowy lace. It appeared to have a particular fascination for the sympathetic lady, who gazed for some seconds without speaking. Then, finally, her ordinarily rather shrill voice accelerated with emotion, she exclaimed—"Look at that! Fancy having to wash all that lace!" She still looked at the picture, an expression of increasing horror spreading over her face. "I expect they had to sew clean ones on every day," she continued. "Think of the starching!"

"I expect they sent them to the wash," the confidant said consolingly.

"They didn't have laundries in those days. And even if they did, think of the bill!" replied the sympathetic lady, refusing to be comforted.

Frans Hals' sitters' bills for washing also occasioned a certain amount of heart-burning which made it difficult for anyone in the neighbourhood to appreciate the pictures. You may argue, of course, that it shows a pitiful lack of concentration to let such trivial remarks interrupt one's enjoyment of works of art. I, however, defy more than one person in a thousand to reach that state of contemplation when he can avoid listening to his neighbours in a crowd. Having heard these remarks, especially when they are made with as much fervour as those of the sympathetic lady, it is impossible to avoid looking to see what they were about and if they are true. Almost unconsciously, instead of examining the pictures, one found oneself speculating whether people really needed clean cuffs every day in the seventeenth century, or if the scrupulous cleanness of the Dutch interior made a weekly change sufficient. And then the sorrowful anecdotes that the pictures recalled were so vivid and disturbing. For instance, while Frans Hals' "Jolly Toper" merely called forth a short lecture on the unfortunate effects of intemperance in a man's home life, Jan Steen's many pictures of convivial scenes led to the sad tale of Milly's nephew. It seemed that this young man had left school at sixteen "because they couldn't teach him any more," and was doing so well at the office until he took to whisky.



THE ROMANCE OF THE REIGNING LAWN-TENNIS GIRL CHAMPION: MISS HELEN WILLS AND MR. FREDERICK SHANDER MOODY JUN., WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR LAST SATURDAY.

Much interest was roused by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Wills, the American girl lawn-tennis player, and reigning champion of Wimbledon, to Mr. Frederick Shander Moody jun., a young stockbroker of San Francisco. It was also stated that the marriage would take place on Saturday, Jan. 19, the date of her completion of her studies at the University of California. Miss Helen Wills, who is twenty-three years of age, is a clever artist, as well as a lawn-tennis champion, and "Sketch" readers will remember that we have frequently published drawings by her, including sketches of her lawn-tennis rivals "in action" on the courts.

Photograph by P. and A.

But it was Rembrandt who made the deepest call on her fount of sympathy. As we stood before the portrait of his wife, "Saskia as Flora," she exclaimed, "That poor woman! Think of her having to stand for hours, in a heavy dress, just because she was married to him! Doesn't she look down in the mouth, poor thing?—and no wonder."

"I dare say she didn't have to stand for so very long," said the confidant.

"She spent all her life doing it. I was looking at a book somewhere, where I was waiting the other day, all about him," was the crushing reply.

As we approached another picture by the same artist, the sympathetic lady's eye happened to fall upon the open catalogue which she held before her. "A Young Woman in Bed," she read to her companion. The sitter is Hendrickje Stoffels, "the painter's servant and model." "His servant!" she repeated in a shriller tone. "Fancy treating your servants like that! Why, if I so much as go into Maggie's room to see that it 's properly dusted, she threatens to give notice, let alone taking a lot of messy paint along and stopping there. No decent girl would stand it."

Having discovered this grievance against Rembrandt, she kept her eyes glued to the catalogue whenever approaching one of his pictures. Soon she was rewarded with "The Painter's Studio," where, according to the catalogue, the nude model resembles Hendrickje Stoffels. "That poor girl again!" she exclaimed. "As if it wasn't bad enough to have to keep an untidy place like a studio clean, to make her sit about in the cold without any clothes on as well."

Our progress through Gallery V. was comparatively uneventful. For the first time there was even a little comment upon the pictures themselves, apart from the ideas they conveyed, and Ruisdael's landscapes were praised. Sympathy received a call in the next room, however. The chilliness of the black and white stone floors in Gerard Ter Borch's pictures and the resulting cold feet, together with the chilblains she had got during the recent cold snap, were mentioned. Never for a moment did the lamp of sympathy wax dim. The sad fate of the occupants of the house in Vermeer's "Little Street" who "would shortly have the place falling down if they didn't have the bricks repointed" was commented upon. The ghost of the polisher of the silver dish in Kalff's "Still Life" must have been gratified at the recognition of her hard work.

At last, after wandering through nineteenth century Dutch art, we came upon the Van Goghs. Surely, I thought, she must be at last defeated and impressionism would gain the victory. Passing the lovely sunny "Landscape near Arles," "The Vase of Blue Flowers," and the "Irises" without a word, she paused in front of the "Bed-Room." "Poor man!" she exclaimed pityingly. "Do you really think he had as uncomfortable a bed-room as all that? I wouldn't dream of putting a servant in a room like that. You wouldn't keep one a week if you did."



THE MARRIAGE OF VISCOUNT DUNWICH AND MISS BARBARA GROSVENOR: L. TO R., MISS ANGELA NEVILL, MISS MARYE POLE-CAREW, MISS VICTORIA POLE-CAREW, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, LADY MARY GROSVENOR, LADY CHARLOTTE ROUS, AND MISS EVELYN MANNINGHAM-BULLER; AND, IN FRONT, PATRICK FILMER-SANKEY, URSULA JAMES, JUNE KEPPEL, AND TIMOTHY LOWTHER.

Last week saw two important weddings in London. Viscount Dunwich, R.N. (ret.), eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, and Miss Barbara Grosvenor, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bride wore a dress, train, and veil of heirloom lace, and was attended by six grown-up maids, in peach-coloured velvet, who included Lord Dunwich's sister, Lady Charlotte Rous; and by three pages and three little girl attendants.——Mr. Michael Henderson, 16-5th Lancers, second son of the late Colonel the Hon. Harold Henderson, and of Lady Violet Henderson, married Miss Oonagh Brassey, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. H. E. Brassey, and of Lady Norah Graham, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bride wore a golden gown and was attended by six grown-up bridesmaids in gold dresses. They included the bridegroom's sister, Miss Peggy Henderson, and his cousin, Miss Diana Henderson, and the bride's sister, Miss Nancy Brassey.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MICHAEL HENDERSON AND MISS OONAGH BRASSEY: L. TO R., MISS PEGGY HENDERSON, MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, THE BEST MAN, MR. DEREK SCHREIBER, MISS NANCY BRASSEY, AND MISS DIANA HENDERSON; AND, SEATED, MISS JAN RICARDO AND MISS KATHERINE KEITH FRASER.

DUNWICH — GROSVENOR; HENDERSON — BRASSEY: BRIDES IN GOLD AND LACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE AND LENARE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

That Ski-ing Feeling! Experts on the Crisp and Powdery Snow.



A REGULAR VISITOR TO MÜRREN: MISS DIANA CREWDSON, A YOUNG AND ACCOMPLISHED SKI-RUNNER.



THE WELL-KNOWN SKI-ER WHO RESCUED A BOY AT MÜRREN RECENTLY: MISS A. DARELL SALE-BARKER.



ONE OF THE HABITUÉES OF MÜRREN: LADY RAEBURN.



HELPING TO SET THE COURSE FOR THE WOMEN'S SKI CHAMPIONSHIP AT SCHEIDEGG: DR. VIOLET RENDALL, "MEDICO" AND SPORTSWOMAN.

Our page of photographs of women ski experts gives some idea of the delights of ski-running for the people who "know how"—those with perfect balance and skill, who can speed down the crisp, powdery snow-slopes at a lightning pace. Miss Diana Crewdson is a well-known visitor to Mürren, and one of the most accomplished of girl ski-ers.——Miss A. Darell Sale-Barker—whose photograph appeared on our "Hats Off" page last week, is a well-known ski-er, and is representing England against Poland. She recently rescued a boy from danger on the ice slopes and carried him back to safety.——Lady Raeburn and her son and daughter are regular visitors to Mürren, and are all experts. She was formerly Miss Greta Watson, and is the widow of Sir Ernest Raeburn, K.B.E.——Dr. Violet Rendall is a well-known London doctor, and winter-sports enthusiast.—*[Photographs by C.P.P.]*



THE JOY OF SPEED ON SKIS.

THE HOLDER OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S SKI CHAMPIONSHIP, IN ACTION: MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT AT MÜRREN.

This remarkable action photograph shows Miss Doreen Elliott, a celebrated ski-runner, and holder of the British Women's Ski Championship, at Mürren, where she is a regular visitor. The camera has captured the joy of speed on skis in a notable manner.

Photograph by C.P.P.

In the Land of Snow and Sunshine: Famous Folk as Winter-Sporters.



A FAMILY PARTY OFF FOR AN EXPEDITION AT SILS MARIA: THE COUNTESS OF CLANWILLIAM (IN SLEIGH), WITH (L. TO R.) MISS ELIZABETH GWYNN, LADY ELIZABETH MEADE, THE HON. MRS. GORDON IVES, AND LORD GILLFORD.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CLANWILLIAM: LADY MARY MEADE.



THE WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC: LADY ROBERTSON, WITH HER CHILDREN, AT SILS MARIA.



A ROYAL LADY ON THE RINK AT MÜRREN: H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS WITH MRS. DE LANDE LONG.

The Countess of Clanwilliam, wife of the fifth Earl, has been enjoying a visit to Sils Maria, in Switzerland, accompanied by her daughters, the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth Meade, and by her son, Lord Gillford. Lady Mary Meade is in her nineteenth year, and Lady Elizabeth is in her eighteenth, while Lord Gillford was born in 1914. The Hon. Mrs. Gordon-Ives, who is shown in our group with Lady Clanwilliam, is the elder of Viscount Ridley's two sisters. Her husband is in the Guards.——Lady Robertson is the wife of H.E. the Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm Arnold Robertson, K.B.E., C.M.G., who was appointed Ambassador at Buenos Aires in 1927. Lady Robertson, who is American by birth, has two sons, Donald and Melville.——The Queen of the Belgians is a keen skater.

Photographs by S. and G. and C.P.P.

At Two 'Chasing Meetings :

Enthusiasts at Derby and Hurst Park.



AT DERBY: MRS. BEN FAWCETT AND MRS. AIKENHEAD.



AT HURST PARK: MR. A. S. BRISCOE, THE GENTLEMAN RIDER, AND MISS "BABY" WHITAKER.



WELL WRAPPED UP AGAINST WINTER STORMS: LADY BERYL GILBERT AND THE HON. MRS. DE MOLEYNS AT DERBY.

Many well-known folk assembled at Derby last week, and at Hurst Park, to see the sport. Miss "Baby" [*Continued opposite.*



A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING PERSONALITY AND HER SON: LADY DOROTHY FRASER AND MR. KEITH FRASER AT DERBY.

Continued.]
Whitaker is the daughter of Mr. Percy Whitaker, the well-known trainer.——Lady Dorothy Fraser is the second [*Continued below.*



AT DERBY 'CHASES: MAJOR AND MRS. FRANCIS HURT.

Continued.]
daughter of the veteran Earl of Coventry, and is the wife of Captain Sir Keith Fraser, fifth Baronet.——Lady Beryl Gilbert is the elder daughter of the Earl of Clancarty.——Major Francis Hurt belongs to a very ancient Derbyshire family, the Hurts of Alderwasley. Mrs. Hurt is his second wife.——Lord Hindlip is the third Baron, and the Hon. Nancy Allsopp is the younger of his two daughters. She was born in 1910, and is a keen young sportswoman. Lord Hindlip has two country seats: Hindlip Hall, Worcester, and Doveridge, Derby.



WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE HON. NANCY ALLSOPP: LORD HINDLIP AT DERBY.

Photographs by Alfieri and N.I.



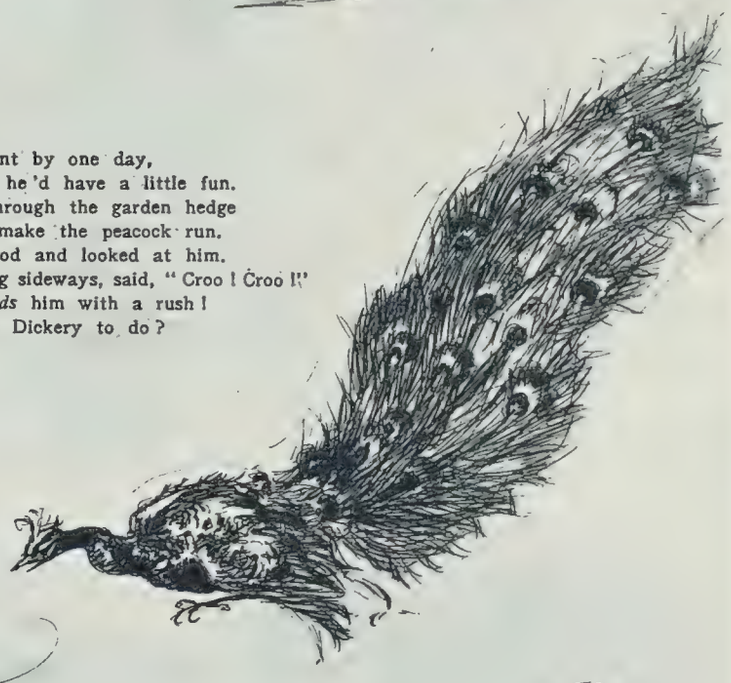


THE PEACOCK.

(TOLD BY JOHN.)

Dickery Dog is very brave;
He 's not afraid of cows at all,
Nor anything that barks at him—
So long as it is fairly small.
He 's not afraid of quacking ducks
And geese that hiss us as we pass.
But in a garden down the lane
A peacock walks across the grass!

Dickery Dog went by one day,
And thought he 'd have a little fun.
He scrambled through the garden hedge
To try and make the peacock run.
The peacock stood and looked at him.
Then, stepping sideways, said, "Croo! Croo!"
And came *towards* him with a rush!
So what was Dickery to do?



Dickery Dog is very brave;
But when the peacock gave a spring
And hit his head with both its feet,
He turned and ran like anything.
Of course it wasn't fair a bit,
Cos me and Dickery weren't told
The kind of birds that peacocks are,
And how they 're bullies—fierce and bold.



Dickery Dog came through the hedge,
To get away and out of reach.
The peacock flew up in a tree
And then began to screech and screech.
It made a very horrid noise,
So both of us began to run.
But all the way till we got home
We heard it boast what it had done.



Dickery Dog is really brave;
But now, of course, he doesn't care
To have a peacock for a friend,
Cos peacocks don't play fair.

MARION ST. JOHN WEBB.

A. H. Watson

JOHN AND ME AND THE DICKERY DOG.—XXIII.

Above we give the twenty-third of our delightful series of pages with poems specially written for us by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, and drawings specially made for us by Miss A. H. Watson. This week, the boy twin, John, is the spokesman, and tells how the Dickery Dog, in spite of his undoubted courage, got the worst of it in an encounter with a peacock; but, of course, such a defeat can hardly count against him, as peacocks don't play fair!

VERSES BY MRS. MARION ST. JOHN WEBB; ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS A. H. WATSON. SPECIALLY DONE FOR "THE SKETCH."



"I WONDER HOW I LOOK WHEN I'M ASLEEP?"

From the Picture by Lawson Wood.



THE ENIGMA.

SHOPWALKER: "What's the trouble with that lady?"

ASSISTANT: "I dunno. She seems to have some wild yearnings we can't satisfy."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BERT THOMAS.



THE WOMAN WITH THE WATER-JAR

Reproduction in Colour-Photogravure from the Picture "Egyptienne avec cruche et les ruines d'Es Sabûa," by Adam Styka, exhibited at Arthur Tooth's Galleries.



"FAMILLE VERTE."

Reproduction in Colour-Photogravure from the Picture by Félix de Gray.



ANOTHER NEW WAVE-LENGTH! OOLOO JOINS THE B.B.C. CHORUS!

Ooloo, the delightful "Sketch" and Studdy cat, who recently made his appearance on our pages, is a devoted lover of music. In his opinion, the choruses as they come over the wireless need some strengthening, so he kindly gives his services in order to improve them for master.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE GOLDEN

"WHITHER, O SPLENDID SHIP, THY WHITE SAILS CROWDING,

FROM THE PICTURE BY FR



GALLEON.

LEANING ACROSS THE BOSOM OF THE URGENT SEA?"

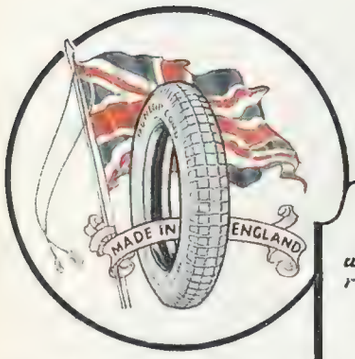
NK H. MASON, R.B.A.

DUNLOP-

"For thine especial safety"

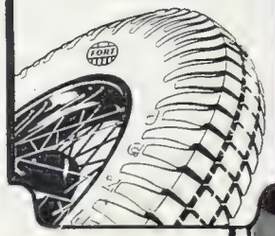
HAMLET ACT IV SCENE III





'FORT' DUNLOP

with an even greater reserve of strength for particularly arduous running conditions



The NAME AND THE TREAD ARE YOUR SAFEGUARDS

C.F.H. 563



ANYTHING TO DECLARE? THE ELEPHANT HAS HIS TRUNK EXAMINED!

Reproduction in Colour-Photogravure from the Picture by René Bull.

THE OLDEST HORSE IN THE WORLD!



A REALLY FINE OLD WHISKY!

Let your palate decide! The subtle difference that distinguishes White Horse is irresistible to people of taste the whole world over. A man's drink—anytime, anywhere.



THE ONLY CHILD OF THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH: LADY SERENA JAMES.



THE YOUNGEST SISTER OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS: LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON.



FORMERLY MISS CLARE STAPLETON CLARE COUNTESS COWLEY.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF SIR HENRY AND THE HON. LADY PACKE: MISS PENELOPE PACKE.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE: A QUARTET OF SOCIETY PORTRAITS.

Above we give four portraits of well-known Society women by Mr. Leo Klin. Lady Serena James is the only child of the Earl of Scarbrough, and is the wife of the Hon. Robert James, younger brother of Lord Northbourne.——Clare Countess Cowley is the widow of the third Earl Cowley. She is a daughter of Sir Francis George Stapleton, 8th Baronet.——Lady Moira Lyttelton is the youngest of the four sisters of the Duke of Leeds, and is the wife of Captain Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C.——Miss Penelope Packe is the elder daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, and is a granddaughter of the first Lord Colebrooke.

FROM THE PORTRAITS BY LEO KLIN.



JOHN WALKER & SONS, LIMITED, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

OUR SHORT STORY.

A DROP TOO MUCH.

By DENNIS BROWNE.

THE pleasant May evening was full of sounds, forming a conflicting, but not altogether discordant, whole. Quite half of Oxford's clocks had reached varying stages of saying it was eight o'clock. It sounded like a meeting of the League of Nations: substantial agreement in principle, tempered by a conviction on the part of each individual that he alone was right in detail. I sat in my window-seat and gazed over the Garden Quad contentedly; I daresay the evening air was full of perfume, too, but I was more intimately concerned with the cigar that was efficiently reducing the bitter memory of dinner in Hall to the status of an evil dream. A blot passed over the academic correctness of the scene, proclaiming both by its contours and its colouring that its name was Peter. I keep a sugar-basin handy for such emergencies, and a beautifully timed lump took Peter in the back of the neck.

"What are you doing up there, damn you?"

"Throwing sugar at you, Peter, didn't you notice? Till you appeared, I was meditating on the beauty of the scene: 'Where every prospect pleases——'"

"Well, you can stop being the local funny man and come along. You're late."

"Late, Peter? What for?"

"Hobby-horse. Lester's ride; he's got a new toy to show us. You know the rule, so stop obstructing the traffic and come along."

"Oh, hell! I can't afford to finance your orgies. Half a minute." Thus by our weaknesses are we entrapped. Had I allowed Peter to pollute the evening air unmolested, I should have continued to forget the meeting of the Hobby-horse Club, and thus have missed—many things.

The Hobby-horse Club explains itself. Peter and I founded it in our first year, and it took a firmer root than most of the curious gatherings that spring from the Freshman's passion for organised gregariousness. Also, by judicious "packing" of the elections, it has preserved its tone, and not degenerated into a mutual admiration society or a sewer. The qualification for admission is that you should be "an intelligent enthusiast personally acceptable to the President." The Presidents to date have been Peter and I, and—er well—Peter and I. So you see. The rules are that a meeting is held once a fortnight, and each member in turn is entitled to ride his hobby-horse (only the one on the strength of which he was elected, except by special leave of the committee), for a space not exceeding two hours, to the annoyance of all available members. Penalty for absence (again without leave from the committee), all drinks for the next meeting. So you can see why personal acceptability was important. In the records of the Club you will find minutes of the most widely diverse evenings. There was John Vickers on "Some Aspects of Merovingian Foreign Policy" (no?—nor did I!), to which, as a great treat, we invited three Dons, who were the only people awake after three-quarters of an hour; and there was, again, Stewart Farnham on "Drinks: Illustrated" (record attendance—absentees, none!); after which the Garden Quad looked like the Day of Judgment, and the President was found, fast asleep, in the Dean's bed, which was maintaining a perilous footing on Hall stairs. Peter on "Except a Woman" is the *locus classicus* on the new theory of scent, illustrated from twenty-five different hunts, and a reprint of it may be found in *Horse and Hound*. My great evening, "Lucian or Apuleius? The Relevant Authorities Examined in Full, with the Fruits of My Personal Investigation," has, you may be surprised to hear, not appeared in the *Classical Quarterly*; but then, I should be equally surprised and far more pained if I thought you had the least idea what I was talking about.

The records of the evening I'm taking such a long time to get on to are wholly uninteresting. But you will see. Lester Melancthon was due to unleash on us a new manifestation of his historical craze; he had been very mysterious for weeks about what he was going to do, but he had been quite unable to conceal the presence of a large crate in his rooms. As he was known to be indecently wealthy, we were all quite intrigued to know what we should find.

Drinks poured out and preliminary business over, Lester at last took the cover off a large affair in the middle of the table and kicked off. It looked at first like a big wireless cabinet with a glass front. He pushed a switch and the glass part lit up, showing a large-size map of the world. He then explained his plan. He had concocted, with expert assistance, a highly ingenious method for the pictorial representation of history. The example we were treated to was a wide survey of what he called "the main stream of civilisation," and really, though my memory of it is rather dimmed by subsequent events, it was very interesting to a layman like myself. He turned the room lights out, and by playing about with switches, which lit up various parts of the map, illustrated the order and succession of the great civilisations of the world, together with theories, more or less controversial, about their interrelations. All the time a steadily changing set of lighted figures at the top supplied the dates. I'm no historian, and I was more fascinated by the main outline—the dawn and blaze and fading of China, Egypt, and Persia; the shift from East to West; the swallowing up of Greece in Rome; the gathering gloom of the Dark Ages, lit faintly from Byzantium; and the slowly growing, irresistible surge of the Renaissance—than the glow-worms that stood for the conjectured lines of communication and movement, which I suppose would have been the engrossing feature to the expert. But I remember a few of them: the steady ribbons of light that always marked the great caravan routes while the centre of interest was in the East, and the suddenly augmented activity of the streams that led from Byzantium to Italy after 1453, in particular.

Presently I became aware that there was something that was distracting my attention; I looked away from the centre of interest at the moment, wherever it was, and watched the great sheet of darkness at the bottom. And after a while, far away to the South, I saw a faint red spot of light glow and fade. For a while I thought nothing of it. Then I noticed something else, and became very thoughtful. Everyone else was apparently absorbed in Lester, and after a while I realised that none of the others commanded my particular angle of vision. The darkness began to get on my nerves. Lester stopped. Someone turned the lights on. There was a burst of applause, and we all crowded round the table to admire the apparatus. Presently people began to drift off, and after a while Lester and I were left alone.

"You've been very quiet, old man," said Lester. "Yes." Then I nerved myself to it. "What's that thing over there?" I said, pointing. "Oh, he's rather attractive, isn't he?" said Lester. "He's an Etruscan figure I got the other day. I think he'll settle down all right. I did the divination rites for him this afternoon, to make him feel at home. I probably got them all wrong, though. The information's rather scanty."

"Did you, by Jove?" said I. "Well, I'm inclined to think you were rather unnecessarily successful. Are you aware that he was giving a benefit performance behind your back while the lights were out?"

"What the devil d'you mean?" said Lester, with the sudden rudeness of a frightened man.

"Well, he developed a sort of halo of faint red light, and his expression was even more unpleasing than it is now. If I were you I should drop him quietly in the river as soon as may be. Incidentally, let me look at that map a minute. Just switch on the full light, will you?"

I looked, and far down in the South Seas I saw the name "Easter Island." "Do you happen to know," I said, "anything particularly odd about Easter Island?" I hadn't got the words out of my mouth before the room lights went up. And then—"God!" said Lester. "Look at that map!"

How long the subsequent performance went on I don't know. But its nature I shan't forget in a hurry, though its details are mercifully blurred. It took the shape of a sort of antistrophe to Lester's lecture—the history of the Powers of Darkness. But the deep red glow of the various portions of the map that sprang into prominence in turn was only the beginning of the show. The face of the map turned itself at intervals into a screen for a kind of devil's cinematograph. As I said before, I only remember details dimly, but it seems to me that I saw, not diagrams, and yet not the ordinary externalities of the screen.

The nearest I can get to explaining the damned thing is that it was like History itself come to life, for I saw at the same time events and their connections and the bearings of them on one another. Lester, after his first moment of panic, was, I think, too interested to be frightened. I was sweating with fear, but couldn't take my eyes off it.

Each in their turn, the underworlds of History, the anti-civilisations, came into being under our eyes; the great destructive empires and their rulers, Assur-bani-pal and Ghengiz Khan; and hundreds more I never knew; the Carthaginians and the Moors; and the great cities of Africa and Central Asia and Peru, that have passed

[Continued on page 180.



SHOWING HER STRIKING LIKENESS TO SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ, A LAWN-TENNIS STAR OF REAL LIFE: MISS OLGA TSCHECHOWA AS VIVIAN DENYS, THE SCREEN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.



VIVIAN DENYS PLAYS HER GREAT MATCH ON THE CENTRE COURT WHILE WAITING FOR THE VERDICT ON HER FIANCÉ: THE WIMBLEDON SCENE IN "AFTER THE VERDICT."



VIVIAN RECEIVES HER CONGRATULATIONS FROM A DISTINGUISHED ENTHUSIAST WHOSE APPEARANCE SUGGESTS THAT OF EARL BALFOUR: MISS OLGA TSCHECHOWA AS THE VICTORIOUS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.



JIM GORDON WISHES VIVIAN GOOD LUCK: MR. MALCOLM TOD AND MISS OLGA TSCHECHOWA IN "AFTER THE VERDICT."

ACCIDENT OR DESIGN? STRIKING SCREEN "LAWN-TENNIS" LIKENESSES.

"After the Verdict" is the latest British International Film Distributors' picture, and is a remarkable adaptation of the novel by Robert Hichens. The lawn-tennis playing girl Vivian Denys, is engaged to Clive Baratrie; but Mrs. Sabine, a married woman with whom he has been entangled, reappears and tries to prevent the wedding. She is found shot, and Clive is tried for her murder. Vivian learns the truth, and then meets Sabine, who tries to force her to pay the price of his wife's dishonour by her own. She convinces him that Clive will not reveal the truth about his relations with Mrs. Sabine, as he must "play the game," and is so confident in his acquittal that she plays her Centre Court match at Wimbledon during the last stages of his trial—and learns of his acquittal in the hour of her victory. A striking feature of the screen drama is that Miss Olga Tschechowa strongly resembles Señorita de Alvarez, and that one of the characters is reminiscent of Earl Balfour in appearance. These likenesses may be either accidental or intentional, but they add a great feeling of reality to the lawn-tennis scenes.

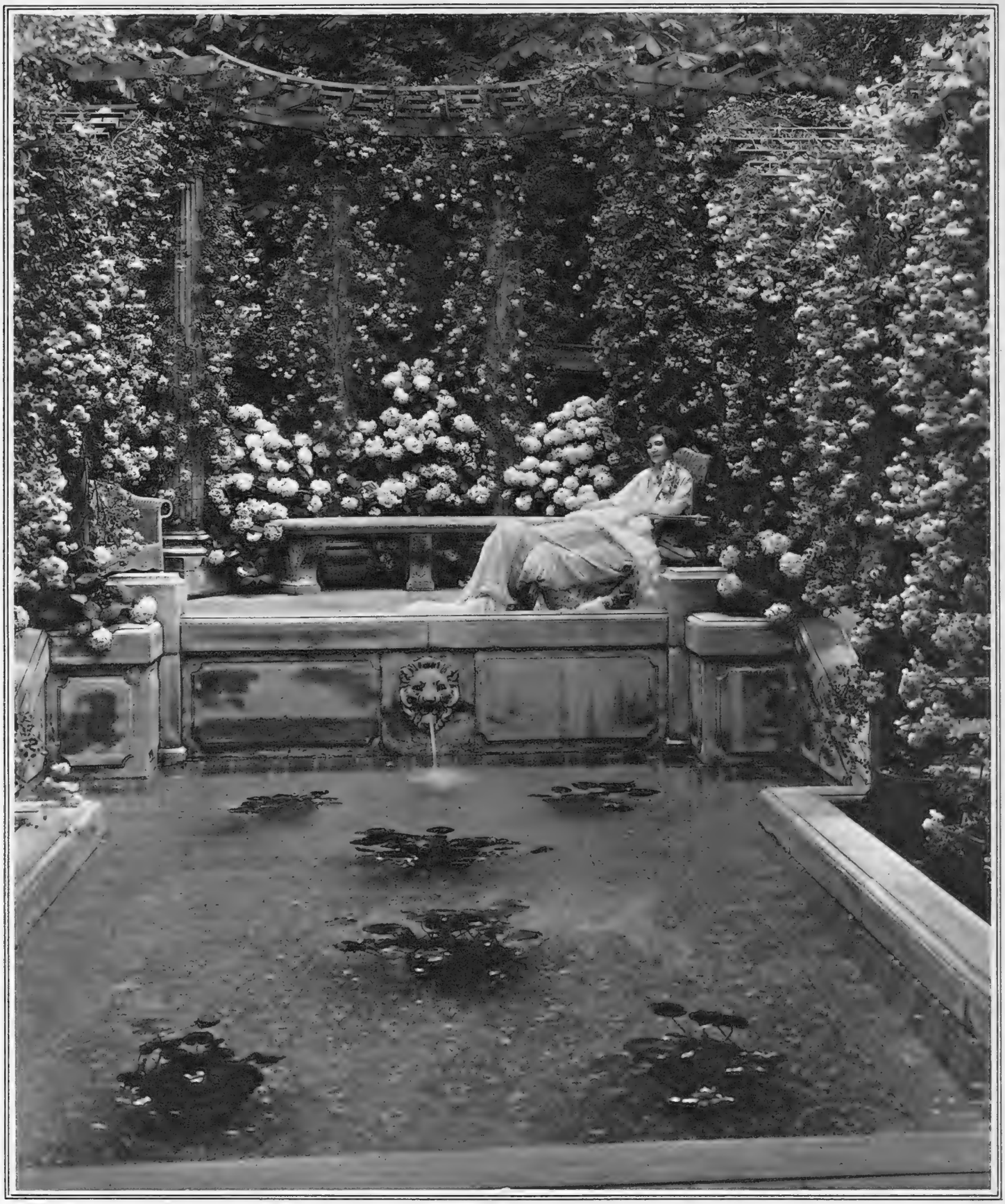


LADY CAROLINE LAMB FOR "BYRON," AT THE LYRIC.

PLAYING OPPOSITE MR. ESMÉ PERCY IN "BYRON": MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN.

Miss Beatrix Lehmann is the clever young actress who plays Lady Caroline Lamb in "Byron," the new play dealing with the life of the famous poet, by Alicia Ramsey, which was due for production at the Lyric on Jan. 22. Lady Melbourne, Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and Thomas Moore, as well as Lady Byron and Augusta Leigh, are among the characters introduced. Miss Beatrix Lehmann is a daughter of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, and is a talented writer as well as an actress, for "Sketch" readers will remember that we have frequently published short stories by her.

Photograph by Gregory Bernard.



A STRAVINSKY FAIRY AND SAUGUET'S DAVID.

IN HER CLASSIC PARISIAN ROSE GARDEN: MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN.

Mme. Ida Rubinstein, the celebrated dancer, is pictured above in the wonderful marble rose garden of her Paris home. She roused great interest by her season of ballet, which opened in Paris in December at the Opera, for several distinguished composers had written new works for this season. These included "Boléro," by Ravel, "Le Baiser de la Fée," by Stravinsky, "David," by Sauguet, and "Les Noces de Psyché et de l'Amour," by Auric. Mme. Rubinstein herself danced David, and the Fairy in the Stravinsky ballet; and her beautiful movements, her graceful form, and the dignity of her appearance, which is always enhanced by her seemingly great height, made her performances as notable as they always have been.

Photograph by Abbé.



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Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.

I.
"THE CHINESE BUNGALOW," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

AS circumstances alter cases, so surroundings may vary impressions. When I saw "The Chinese Bungalow," about a year or so ago, at the King's, Hammersmith, one Thursday afternoon, when the shop world was half-holidaying, I liked it as good melodrama. The people around me were athirst with interest; every thrill on the stage seemed to magnetise the crowd, and so I let myself be carried away by the emotional maelstrom. When I saw the play again, at the Duke of York's, among the sophisticated first-nighters, it affected me differently. The pit and gallery were enthusiastic enough; but the seasoned playgoers in stalls and dress-circle were languid, and not until the last act, when Mr. Matheson Lang died so magnificently and tragically after the poison duel with the brave young English planter whose fiancée he desired to exchange in matrimony for her discarded (and unfaithful) sister did they warm up. Matheson Lang is a mighty personality, and when he has the right stuff to grapple with and to grasp he never fails to rouse the house. Ere that—in the lukewarm atmosphere—the play, critically examined, hardly passed muster. It was diluted "Mr. Wu," and, frankly, we found that the Chinese was very shabbily treated by the writers, who ought to have known better. If a European woman weds a Chinaman she should realise that she places herself beyond the pale of her society; and as the Chinese husband was kind and generous to her (so we are told), it was a lubberly thing to do, on her part, to deceive him in his own house. Later on, in the episode referred to, the Chinese again proved himself a better man than the European. He challenged him to a duel by a drink—two cups of wine, one pure, the other poisoned; and instead of tendering the latter to his enemy, as he could easily have done, he let Fate decide and himself swallowed the fatal draught. He was "a good old English gentleman," that Chink. Well, that part was very exciting, if beyond the realm of probability; but the rest was fustian—the usual thing: Chinese cunning, ubiquity, fell plans of revenge, indication of subtle torture, etc., and European women in distress, mortal fear, and vociferation of agony. Miss Marjorie Mars was excellent as the guilty but charming wife; she had one or two of her emotional outbursts which rang as true as painful. Miss Frances Doble, on the other hand, tried to convey emotion too easily—she has not yet the breadth for melodrama. Mr. Austin Trevor was the cool, collected Englishman of tradition in distinction and finely studied restraint. But, when all is said, Mr. Matheson Lang was the dominating, dynamic force that galvanised the play into life and terror. No Western man can quite convey the Oriental in mentality and unfathomable inwardness; but Mr. Matheson Lang approaches reality as closely as histrionic art will allow.

J. T. G.



THE LEADING ACTORS IN "SIN," THE NEW ANGLO-SWEDISH FILM: MR. LARS HANSON AND MISS ELISSA LANDI.

Mr. Lars Hanson and Miss Elissa Landi, the British Instructional star, play the leading parts in "Sin," the new Anglo-Swedish film, which was given a trade show in London last week. The story is based on a play by Strindberg, and introduces a clever, irresponsible French playwright who marries a Swedish fisherman's daughter.

II.
"THÉRÈSE RAQUIN," AT THE "Q" THEATRE.

IT was on Oct. 6, 1891, that, by consent of my friend Émile Zola, I produced "Thérèse Raquin" at the Royalty. It almost raised the same storm as "Ghosts." Like the King of Afghanistan, we were before our time. But three reputations were greatly enhanced that evening. The Mme. Raquin of Mrs. Theodore Wright, the amateur who leaped into fame as Mrs. Alving, was a grand figure of human tragedy; William Abingdon's Laurent was the living image of crime and punishment; Laura Johnston, a pupil of Herman Vezin's, a revelation.

Alexander Texeira de Mattos, who afterwards became Maeterlinck's renowned translator, had made the version, and, although West London would not have "Thérèse Raquin" for nearly thirty-five years, it was played everywhere in America, now and again in our provincial repertory theatres, and, at length, at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, under the flag of the short-lived but memorable People's Theatre—an effort to endow the East End with a twin of the Old Vic.

Now suddenly "Thérèse Raquin" has, as it were, flooded the Metropolis. The film, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," is an outstanding feature in Kinema-land; the French Players on Sunday, Jan. 13, gave a performance belauded by all the Press, and to be repeated at Wyndham's. At "Q," Miss Nancy Price has added to her laurels by her impressive portrayal of Mme. Raquin. She rose to the part in the tragic scenes. As the mother-avenger she was terrifying in her denunciation of the wife who had murdered her son; as the palsied figure, following every movement of the culprits with tigerish eyes, she was almost a living Sphinx—awe-inspiring, dominant, annihilating. Miss Jane Wood, as Thérèse, made the mark of her career. She looked the dark, reticent, inwardly erotically passionate woman of the Parisian lower *bourgeoisie* to the life. Her anguish under the stress of conscience, her abuse of the accomplice whom once she almost devoured with her lustful love, were moving by their veracity. She impelled pity as well as abhorrence: a fine piece of work. Mr. Russell Thorndike entirely misread his part. He made of Laurent a combination of a Transpontine villain and an ante-dated wild Apache. Intense he was to the degree of excess, but his reading lacked all subtlety. Miss Betty Price, as Suzanne, that eerie little girl living in dreamland, was miscast. She was a boisterous, roystering girl of musical-comedy merry England instead of the elfin figure designed by the author. Messrs. Hignett and Vincent Sternroyd were fairly amusing as the two squabbling old chums, and Mr. Anthony Ireland was excellent as the weakling Camille. On the whole, the production was specifically British—even to the furniture. We thought of an "Undistinguished Villa" instead of a corner of the Marais in Paris. Yet the grim play—a master-structure of melodrama—cowed and roused the audience. "Thérèse Raquin" could remain a trump card of emotional acting. J. T. G.

III.
"HE WALKED IN HER SLEEP," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

THIS farce, which was produced at the "Q" about two months ago, has nothing original in its make-up except its title. It is one of those border-line bed-room plays of situation familiar enough as the stock-pot for the comedian, and, inexhaustible as the cruse of oil, they never fail to provoke laughter. Though there is neither wit nor satire, but only a cheap sort of obvious humour, it gives excellent opportunities for that resourceful and entertaining actor, Mr. John Deverell, who exploits them to their fatuous extremes. This gifted comedian seems doomed for ever to play "silly ass" parts, and as the golfing maniac, Sir Andrew Tankerton, who is for ever in and out of ludicrous positions, he makes us overlook the poverty of the piece. Miss Eva Moore ably abets him with her fussy, futile motherliness; while Mr. Douglas Burbidge, as the barrister-butler, not only emphasises the comic element, but provides a slender thread of romance to tie the farce together. Mr. Brian Gilmour gets an element of fun out of his personation of a he-man, while Miss Betty Stockfield looks charming and plays in the bright key that Mr. Lesli Henson's production has set. For those who like this kind of thing, "He Walked in Her Sleep" is amusing. Evidently the house enjoyed it, for the reception was quite enthusiastic. J. T. G.

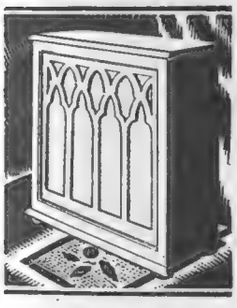


IN THE NEW FILM, "HOMECOMING," DUE AT THE REGAL IN FEBRUARY: MISS DITA PARLO AND MR. LARS HANSON.

Miss Dita Parlo, the "new" German screen star, is featured with Mr. Lars Hanson in "Homecoming," the new German Ufa film due at the Regal early next month. She is an enchanting little brunette, and "Homecoming" is her first "big" picture.



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The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.

Requiescat. Romance entered upon a long and lingering illness in the last quarter of the nineteenth century; and now—everybody is agreed—has been quite dead these ten years at least. Its soul, however, is not dead, for that is imperishable: let modern fiction be as realistic as it will, the fair form of imaginative illusion cannot be wholly banished, for the excellent reason that the more "real" an observer's perception is, the more conscious is he that illusion must always play a large part in human affairs. What has been definitely discarded is a certain traditional costume of romance, a certain literary formula which popularised itself in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It has its own formal beauty, of which I do not believe the modern reader is as yet altogether insensible. Young love in a setting of moonlight and clipped yews, troths plighted in a gondola, devotion picturesquely triumphing over all obstacles, the polished rhetoric of "tender" discourse — they have their charm, however much they may be debased by the picture postcard school in drama, novel, and picture. But the artificiality of the convention has worn thin; and though, heaven knows, our own convention will seem equally factitious to our grandchildren, yet we can regard the papier-mâché "properties" of romance only as a subject of satire.

Which? Such, at first sight, they would seem to be in Mr. Belloc's "Belinda." The pattern is so typically and so familiarly that of early Victorian "romance" that it is unnecessary to repeat the story; and the style is an imitation of the same manner, always with the greatest fluency and felicity, often with much wit, and sometimes with the exaggeration of broad parody. Amusing enough, one would have said, but not particularly worth doing, for this kind of mock-romance is rather easy, and has already been done to death. But there is more here. There are such strange fluctuations of tone, and apparently of purpose, the "point" of the whole thing is so elusive, that at the end one was left with a sense of profound bewilderment.

I was therefore interested, and in some measure relieved, to learn from Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, in the *Sunday Times* of Jan. 6, that I was not alone in that feeling. "Belinda" was first published serially in *Life and Letters*; and Mr. MacCarthy, as editor of that admirable review, received a number of extremely diverse opinions about it. Some admired enthusiastically, some condemned intemperately—

Many others were puzzled. What, these asked, was the point of "Belinda"? Was it a parody of a novel of a particular period? If so, was it not too like an original—and too grave in places, to be funny? On the other hand, if it was *pastiche*—a serious, beautiful love-story written in a bygone convention—why then were its beauties embedded in Irony; and why, then, did the author appear at one moment to be laughing at conventional diction to which, the next, he clearly owed his effects?

Irony and Burlesque. In my opinion, these puzzled readers were right. Any considered judgment from Mr. MacCarthy commands my unfeigned respect; but having read his eloquent and ingenious examination of Mr. Belloc's motives, I remain entirely unenlightened. Mr. Belloc, it is claimed, wishes to get away from modern "psychology," "which is the deadly enemy of Romance where the 'tender passions' are concerned." He wishes to penetrate to the simple beauty of Romance itself, and there is no reason why he should not do this to the accompaniment, or through the instrumentality, of Irony. But irony is a misleading term here; the dominant tone is that of sheer burlesque—a very different thing. For that reason there is little affinity with "Zuleika Dobson," which Mr. MacCarthy cites as an example of the same method. What name but burlesque is appropriate when at any moment this kind of lark is apt to occur—

. . . The arms of the Marlden Montgomeries—or Mumries, as they were then called—granted under a patent of William and Mary: three dolphins gules, natant upon argent under a pale proper with the crest a pheasant branchee and the device: *Habet.*

or—

The doctor arrived. His conclusions were favourable. The bullet had but abrased (*sic*) the emphobely and caused superficial lesion of the lesser capillary ducts, without organic disturbance of the lymphatics, or serious reduction of the camboloid process; while the thapsus major had not been touched, and its integuments were wholly immune.



A SHIP-LOAD OF LOVELINESS: PRIZE-WINNING BEAUTIES OF NINE COUNTRIES ABOARD THE "PRESIDENT HARDING."

Our group of prize-winning beauties was taken on board the U.S. liner "President Harding," which recently sailed for the States with its cargo of loveliness. The group shows, from left to right, Mlle. Marcya, of the Casino de Paris, and the national beauty winners of Spain, Paris, England, Vienna, France, Poland, Russia, Berlin, and London.

Photograph by S. and G.

My own explanation is much simpler. It seems to me that Mr. Belloc has set out upon a quest without being sure of what he was seeking. His main purpose seems to have been parody; but the artificial elegances of the style which he adopted, and in which he particularly excels, had too much intrinsic attraction and once again led him into serious prose passages. Some of these are of great beauty and remarkable perfection of form; they make us almost regret that Mr. Belloc does not confine himself to this mood. Much of his work has been couched in humorous form; but the truth is, his sense of humour, though it has given us some delicious things, has always been a variable quantity. It has never been more uncertain or capricious than in "Belinda." Signs of haste are not wanting; it is strange to find Mr. Belloc referring to "Christ Church College" and "St. Edmund's Hall" and (in an imitation of the formal manner) "a cute observer." Let us hope that intentional parody is responsible for these small but significant lapses.

Penland. Very remote from Mr. Belloc's crinolined romance are the severe realities of Fleet Street; yet there is a good deal of romance and adventure about the life of a journalist, and there is an engaging liveliness about a mind which has been trained in a journalist's kaleidoscopic variety of interests. Mr. Francis Gribble has seen every phase of that versatile life, and gives an extremely entertaining account of it in "Seen in Passing." There must be, I should think, some millions of British subjects at this moment who are "confined to their rooms with a chill," or simply "laid-up with a cold," according as they are Personages or merely Persons. To them I can, from experience, commend this book as a day-long or night-long companion which will make them forget streptococcus and all his works.

The early chapters on Oxford, and especially the Union, in the 'eighties, are crowded with figures to whom reminiscence and anecdote cling fast. There are very realistic portraits of the Æsthetes, their disappointing school of poetry, and their guerilla warfare with the "Roughnecks" of the period. (These things do not seem to change very much from generation to generation!) David Anderson's School of Journalism seems to have been a queer affair, which taught most things except journalism, If you wish to appreciate how tenacious Grub Street was of its older niggardly traditions, read Mr. Gribble's account of the prevailing rates of pay in those times. One of his most interesting associations was with Phil May, whose difficulties were chiefly attributable to the fact that "he acquired the habit of drawing

[Continued overleaf.

[Continued.]

cheques instead of drawing pictures." Poor Phil May was a lovable, but he must have been a trying, colleague.

One Thing and Another. The interlude of "High Jinks on the *Sun* under T. P. O'Connor" is very gay, and will be enjoyed by nobody more than by "Tay Pay" himself. The literary characters to whom we are introduced range from George Moore to Charles Garvice. The little sketch of the latter I found particularly interesting; "estimates" and "studies" of the greater pundits of literature are familiar enough, but one does not often enough come face to face with the indefatigable minor journeymen of sentiment like Garvice; and when one does, one often learns to respect their characters as much as one has scouted their imaginations. Mr. Gribble was also a great traveller, and has much to tell of Continental wanderings; especially of Alpine climbing (which once led him into a perilous adventure with a brigand). He travelled unluckily when he went to Luxembourg just before the outbreak of war, for Luxembourg led to Ruhleben and all its rigours—lightly and very charitably touched on in the concluding chapters. There are many neat little shots, of which this is perhaps the best—

There was no one at Oxford, in those days, to explain, with such authority as Dean Inge now wields, that the teachings of the Scriptures and the tenets of the Church need be taken literally only when they correspond with the doctrines of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria.

A delightful volume, full of varied interest. An index would have been useful.



ON THE SHORE AT LEQUEITIO, SPAIN: THE ARCHDUKE OTTO, WITH HIS SISTERS, THE ARCHDUCHESSES ADELAIDE, CHARLOTTE, AND ELISABETH, AND HIS BROTHERS, THE ARCHDUKES ROBERT, FELIX, CHARLES, AND RUDOLPH, CHILDREN OF THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA AND THE LATE EX-EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA.

The ex-Empress Zita of Austria, who is a Princess of Bourbon-Parma, spends her exile in Spain, as she lives at Lequeitio, with her five sons and three daughters. The Archduke Otto, the eldest of the family, was born in 1912.

Arms and the Woman. You may be sure that trouble is going to ensue when "a pair of slender arms were suddenly flung round his neck, and he felt himself hugged. 'I do like you. Oh, I do think you 're nice.'" This happened to Giles Acland, and was the more unexpected because he had never seen—or felt—those arms before; but as it was Armistice Night. . . . Giles, recently an airman, having a certain amount of money and nothing to do, finds post-war London unsatisfying, even though Daphne Farrington is there to enliven him with her inconsequent flutterings. On an impulse, he puts his capital into Carnegie's Black Peppermint Buckies, and, against all predictions, makes a big success of them. He would have married Daphne, had not the graceless Howard Orton anticipated him; but, while the reader is not altogether without sympathy for empty, futile little Daphne, Giles was probably well out of that attachment. But he went to the other extreme in marrying Edith Morley, that good, but also dull, woman, who was never able to learn, simply and without prudery, the full implications of marriage. What little fire she possessed soon became a pallid sort of ash, and before long it had come to this between them: "'Oh, I do hope these cold days are really over at last!' Giles glanced at her and paused. Then he said: 'H'm. And what about these cold nights?'" Not unnaturally, he found solace in those arms which had been flung round him on Armistice Night, and which chance had brought back to him. But they were not to be his maritally, even after Edith, now utterly hard and vindictive, had insisted on divorce. Nor was the business, his darling creation, to remain his.

Aftermath. The reasons for this frustration, and the lonely latter end of Giles Acland, it were well to discover for yourself in Mr. Laurence Kirk's "One More River." This is a good, well-written, accurately observed story of real people. It presents clearly the moral and physical disturbances with which the war, and its sequel, caught a good many young men, at the very worst moment for their development. At the same time, it does not make Acland a mere passive victim of circumstances, but presents his case with justice both to the prosecution and to the defence. Edith Acland is extremely true to type; there is nothing more difficult in fiction than to portray an uninteresting person in an interesting way—and the writer *has* to do it if his uninteresting person is not to become a mere bore. Mr. Kirk has achieved this with notable skill. He is a writer who is "coming on" fast; "Dangerous Cross Roads" was good, but "One More River" is better. The touch grows firmer. One criticism I would suggest—Mr. Kirk sometimes forgets to make his people speak "in character." This is particularly noticeable in the case of Olive Crow—she of the seductive arms. I do not think she would have talked, for example, as she talks on p. 209. Altogether, I did not feel that Mr. Kirk had "seen" this character as clearly as the others. But that is a small defect, and I repeat that this is a good novel, with a lot of sound sense in it, which should certainly go down on your library list.



ROWNTREE'S COCOA WORKS JUNIOR AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY PRODUCTION OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD": PAN, THE FAIRIES, AND THE BUNNIES FIND THE SLEEPING CHILDREN IN THE FOREST.

Rowntree's employees produced the pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," at the Lecture Hall of the Cocoa Works, York. The production was an excellent one, and the Cocoa Works Junior Amateur Dramatic Society received many congratulations on the show.

Dangers of the Underground. "There 's enough crime as it is in real life, without writing about it," he (Detective-Inspector Widgeon) used to say. "Besides, these story-writers never know what they 're writing about, specially when they come to deal with Scotland Yard." The Inspector's opinion, which I quote from Mr. Alan Thomas's "The Death of Laurence Vining," is not the opinion of a large number of writers and of readers. As this is a first novel, with many promising qualities, I would not insist too much on the fact that its writing, while always adequate, lacks spice; for this is a weakness which Mr. Thomas will doubtless set right with greater experience. But to me this book raises the question of the limits of the legitimate ingenuity of the detective novel. This is the problem which calls for solution: A man enters the Tube lift at Hyde Park Station. He is apparently in full health and strength. There is nobody else with him, not even a liftman, for the lift is worked above and below by controls outside. When he gets to the bottom and the exit gate automatically opens, he topples forward. The startled ticket-collector, and a passenger who is waiting to ascend, enter the lift and find him to be dead, stabbed in the back by an Oriental dagger. Of course the thing is, on the face of it, impossible and inexplicable. So is a good conjuring trick; but the merit of the conjuring trick is that it depends on an explanation which you were an ass not to have thought of. Now, if Mr. Thomas had been able to explain this impossible

[Continued on page x.

Belinda. By Hilaire Belloc. (*Constable; 6s.*)
Seen in Passing. By Francis Gribble. (*Benn; 10s. 6d.*)
One More River. By Laurence Kirk. (*Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.*)
The Death of Laurence Vining. By Alan Thomas. (*Benn; 7s. 6d.*)



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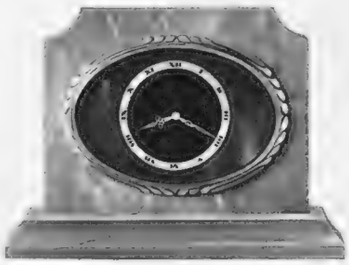
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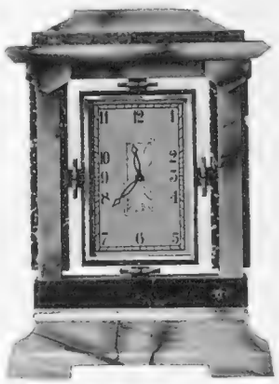


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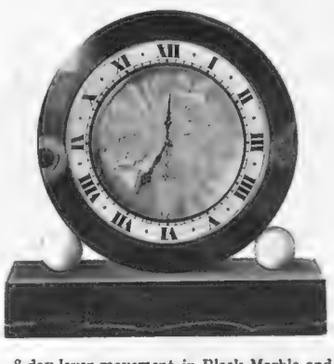
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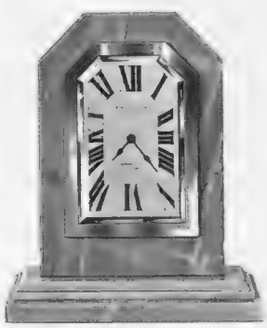
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Gossip from the Hunting World.



A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

Last week's "yield" was on the moderate and meagre side. There was just an afternoon out in Badminton Park last Thursday, when advantage was very quickly taken of the sudden thaw, a meet being arranged for at the Kennels after lunch. This was attended by half-a-dozen neighbours only, plus one energetic sportsman who hacked ten miles or more. The arrival of a full-sized fog rather damped the ardour of this select following; after a dart with the "old dogs" out between Sopworth and Sherston, obscurity prevailed, and a stoppage was soon advisable, especially as Tom was short of a whip, our invincible Jack having had to beat a retreat, as his steed displayed signs of tummy-ache, due to sudden exertion on top of a Christmas frost!

Then there was a rather grim Friday, in Arctic cold again, from the Plough at Kington St. Michael, whither a largish field wended its way, more in default of aught else than from faith in the virtues of local foxes or country. The "young entry" were present in full force, opportunity having been sadly limited these holidays. Lord Lansdowne had his young son and daughter out. Some of the youth of "Beaufortshire" is fast emerging from the schoolboy stage into smart young men at the R.M.C. or the 'Varsity. Mr. Henry Hunloke, Mr. Jeremy Taylor, Mr. Michael Morley, Mr. Miles Morris, Mr. Wyndham Hankey, and Mr. Edmund Spicer must now be counted amongst the fully fledged of our gilded youth; the younger Dixons, Lady Diana Wellesley, Miss Audrey Soames, the Crawshays (just returned from abroad), the Misses Bowles, and Miss Joan Lysley are all "coming on" rapidly.

A Tough Country to Tackle.

There were plenty of dirty coats later, when hounds got going in the foul country between Heywood, Lanhill, and Yatton Keynell, where the profoundest abysses yawned and the most uncompromising growths guarded the *greasiest* banks. Oh, dear! Still, hounds ran on: it was adventurous and varied; and e'er the chase arrived at Castlecombe some were full of bliss, declaring it all capital fun, while others cursed it freely, shuddered under the bitter nor'-easter, and "beat it" as soon as they could. It was hardly a smooth passage—still, it was a hunt; and, thanks to "bone" in the ground, with a return of frost and then a slow, cold, rainless thaw, we have been robbed of Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday again.

Congratulations to the House of Pinkney on the heir's promotion to the proud rank of Colonel R.H.G. And to Mr. "Bingo" Lowsley-Williams on getting engaged. But we feel saddened to think that, with so many local "lovelies" in this our Gloucestershire, he has crossed the Irish Channel to seek a bride. That unlucky young invalid, Martin Gibbs, was found to have sustained a double fracture of the thigh, which means a long job, of course. We are glad to see Mrs. Russell Wood out again; also Mr. and Mrs. Millais from Corsham, who were both on the sick-list.

The hunt's birthday present to the "Grand Old Man" of "Beaufortshire" is to take the charming form of four pictures of the Beaufort Hunt, in action on his own estate, to be specially painted by Lionel Edwards. The point-to-point is now definitely fixed for Feb. 28 at Lowesmoor, near Cherrington—a very nice course over the best of going. This reminds us that Captain and Mrs. Wallace, of Cherrington Park, have purchased Pewhill House, Chippenham, from the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, and are moving there shortly.



A FAMILY PARTY OUT WITH THE BELVOIR: CAPTAIN ROLLO, LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO, AND MISS PRIMULA ROLLO.

Our delightful snapshot of a family party of hunting enthusiasts was taken when the Belvoir met at Eastwell. Captain Rollo is the second son of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Rollo. His marriage to Lady Kathleen Hill, daughter of the sixth Marquess of Downshire, took place in 1917, and Miss Primula Rollo was born in 1918.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

News from Melton.

Freakish weather continues, and one never knows on rising whether it will be fit to hunt. It is freezing one moment and thawing the next, so that it is generally a question which of these conditions has been most powerful. These things are annoying, but we are lucky to be able to hunt at all, and there has not been a week without some pack being able to get out. The Cottesmore appear to have had two very good runs last Thursday on their unfashionable side, in both cases killing their fox stone cold in the open.

With the Quorn.

On Friday it seemed very doubtful if hunting would be feasible, but a ground thaw changed the aspect of things, although the hardy race who have their homes amongst the hills had great difficulty in getting to the meet. The Quorn found everything favourable at Great Dalby, although further to the east reports spoke of frost and snow still holding their own. Garteee Hill being in reserve for the Melton meet and the hunt ball on the 17th. was still further excuse for going westwards and avoiding the snowy slopes of Burrough Hill. Ashby Pastures was the first covert drawn, and in that district no sign remained of either frost or snow. Hounds had not long been in covert before foxes shot out in all directions. The pack confined its attentions to one and drove him out in the direction of Gaddesby; but when in sight of the church spire we swung back to the left.

Without at any moment going fast, hounds ran at a fair pace and gave their followers a most enjoyable hunt up to Thorpe Satchville. Here a bend to the left and back over the railway landed the chase in Thorpe Trussells. After a short time in this covert the fox went away again, showing signs of his previous exertions. Hounds were quickly out after him, and then for the next ten or fifteen minutes was the brightest episode of the day: the pace good, the country of the best, and the gallop practically straight. With the pack crying his death knell a field behind, he exerted every ounce of his remaining strength to reach a drain at Great Dalby.

The Belvoir Saturday.

On Saturday the Belvoir, making the most of a good start from Hose Thorns, ran very fast for some twenty-five or thirty minutes over the choicest portion of the Vale. Sherbrooke's covert was left to the right, and, crossing the Broughton road, hounds passed Long Clawson village to reach the hills beyond. At Holwell Mouth the fox may have gained a slight respite, and, with a diminishing scent, was able to reach an earth in Old Hills.

The Quorn had a nice gallop on Monday from Ellar's Gorse after hunting a fox to death in the neighbourhood of Old Dalby. Scent may not have been first-class, but nevertheless hounds ran very well for forty or fifty minutes, reaching Burton Spinneys before swinging left and reaching Walton Thorns. George Barker acquitted himself well in the rôle of huntsman. The Prince was fortunate enough to be out these last three days, and appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

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A Golf Novelty.

By R. Endersby Howard.

The Amateurs Accept.

I am told that an annual golf match between representative teams of British amateurs and professionals is certain to be instituted during the coming season. The leading amateurs have been sounded on the subject, and those who have promised definitely to take part in such a contest include Sir Ernest Holderness, Mr. C. J. H. Tolley, and Mr. R. H. Wethered. I suppose that Mr. T. P. Perkins, the present champion, will have settled in America by the time that the fixture rears its newly born head, for May is the proposed period of its inauguration. Still, the support of the best available amateurs is now assured, and no more than that is needed to guarantee the innovation. The professionals are keen on it—partly because they are frankly and almost boyishly enthusiastic about any kind of "needle" rivalry on the links, even when no prize-money attaches to it; and partly because it is to be held on behalf of their benevolent fund, which helps those members of their brotherhood who have fallen upon unhappy times.

A Pioneer.

It is certainly an excellent thing from the point of view of the leading British amateurs, who in recent years have receded more and more from the diversion—which their predecessors pursued with zest on every possible occasion—of measuring their powers with the best professionals. In the old days, it was considered romantic and sporting in the highest degree when Mr. Arthur Molesworth, of Westward Ho!—the most accomplished English amateur of his era—issued a challenge in which he offered to meet any professional who would give him a third. Young Tom Morris, of imperishable name in history, took him at his word, and beat him by seven and five at St. Andrews. That was only a few months before the immortal young Tom died at the age of twenty-four, after having crowded so many triumphs into his short life as to make later generations wonder how he compared with Harry Vardon and Mr. Bobby Jones in their subsequent reigns of supremacy.

His Modest Farewell.

Mr. Molesworth must have been a man of independent ideas and actions. I met him just once. That was at an open championship at Sandwich not very many years ago. He had been competing as an "unattached" amateur, and, having failed in the qualifying rounds, was sitting on a seat far out on the course—grey-bearded and forlorn, apparently knowing nobody and unknown to anybody. He complained that the course was too difficult, especially as all he had was a set of lady's clubs—which, indeed, was true, because he had the set beside him. Then he rose and walked gloomily away. That was his last appearance in competition—a strange exit on the part of a player who had been so great in his day. Whatever his ultimate obscurity, Mr. Molesworth did much to stimulate and crystallise the spirit of healthy rivalry between amateurs and professionals—a spirit which has waned in this country in recent times, although it has flourished with ever-increasing vitality in the United States.



HUMOROUS ARTIST: "YOU KNOW, DEAR, THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME PRICELESS JOKES TO BE GOT OUT OF THIS SITUATION!"

"Sketch" readers may be surprised to see that we have published a drawing apparently quite unconnected with the Royal and Ancient Game on our golf page. However, at the moment of writing, when most of the country is buried in snow, it is quite possible that the humorous artist and his wife have fetched up on a golf course somewhere and are parking their car on one of the most carefully cared-for of greens!

Drawn by A. E. Bestall.

Intensive Education.

Mr. Bobby Jones once declared to me that he had never missed an opportunity of engaging in a sharp-pointed contest with a first-class professional, even if it meant a journey of hundreds of miles. He thought that it not only brought out the best that he could produce at golf, but that he always learnt something from it by watching the methods of his opponent. Indeed, all the best American amateurs, whether you consult Mr. George Von Elm, Mr. Francis Ouimet, Mr. Jess Sweetser, Mr. Chick Evans, or a dozen others, proclaim their faith in this form of golfing education. And it is no less helpful to the professionals, who are moved to produce all that they can give in skill so as to maintain the prestige which they naturally feel is their due. For some reason, a certain gulf has arisen between the two sections in this country during recent times. Probably it is the result of the modern exigencies of work. Even when Vardon, Braid, Taylor, and Herd volunteered to coach and play private matches against the amateurs chosen to represent Britain in the last Walker Cup match at St. Andrews, nobody seemed to have the time or the inclination to benefit by the offer.

Re-union in Rivalry.

Less and less have amateurs of the front rank, apart from the rising body of Midlanders, such as Mr. Perkins and Dr. Tweddell, been disposed to enter into the ordeal of the open championship test. And yet at one time people were astonished when any amateur with a reputation failed to have his tilt at the professionals on that occasion. There were always amateurs fighting hard with the leaders in the closing stages, and sometimes—twice for Mr. Harold Hilton and once for Mr. John Ball—there were amateurs winning. What they could do, and what Mr. Jones has done in the present age, surely others could achieve if only the spirit of emulation were revived. This forthcoming contest between the chosen of the two sections ought to do much to restore it. A weakened link of rivalry between the two communities will be strengthened by the introduction of this match.

The Modern Trend.

So far, nothing has been settled as to the conditions under which it shall be played. Even if it be against the interests of the amateurs so far as concerns their chances of winning, I am sure it would be valuable to have games of thirty-six holes. Amateurs are accustomed to eighteen holes, but the trend of events points clearly to the conclusion that sooner or later they will have to get used to duels of a day's duration—at any rate in events of first importance. There is a steadily developing public opinion in favour of such a condition in connection with the amateur championship, and it is the accepted test for the Walker Cup match, which is surely worth winning if it is worth playing. The way in which our side started at Chicago last August suggested that they might have won if the games had been over eighteen holes; but they were all worn down in the afternoon. Evidently the one length of match demands a different temperament and policy from the other; and, since the longer trials seem bound to come in all classic contests, it would be useful as well as interesting to start the amateurs in this way against the professionals.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION.

The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held on Jan. 14 at the offices of the Company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, Westminster, S.W. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt. (Chairman), presided.

In the course of his speech, the Chairman said: The accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses and providing for income tax, of £6,563,559, an increase of £209,464 over the previous year, which the directors trust you will consider satisfactory. Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,277,468, out of which we paid a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share (free of income tax) amounting to £1,958,353, which left us with a disposable balance of £2,319,115. During the year some additional coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the extraordinary resolution of the shareholders of the 21st June, 1926, and we have allotted to shareholders 630 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and a sum of £630 has to be deducted from the balance, leaving £2,318,485. To this must be added the profits for the year, £6,563,559, less the Preference dividend amounting to £225,000, and the four interim dividends paid on the Ordinary shares for the year amounting to £3,920,872, leaving a disposable balance of £4,736,173, out of which the directors recommend the distribution on January 24 next of a final dividend (free of British income tax) on the issued Ordinary shares of 1s. 8d. per share, amounting to £1,961,686, leaving £2,774,486 to be carried forward, all of which is required in the operations of the company. Let me draw your attention to the fact that the figures which we are now discussing refer to the company's business as of the 30th of September last year. Since that time we have issued to shareholders shares in the Tobacco Securities Trust Company, Limited—therefore the changes in our balance-sheet—which this proceeding renders necessary—do not appear in the accounts now before you, and will not appear until you have before you the accounts for the current year.

Results for the year under review in nearly all parts of the world were, I am glad to say, very satisfactory. This is greatly due to the good management and efficiency of the Board of Directors of the Associated Companies, and the loyalty of their respective staffs, and I am sure that you will join with me in congratulating them on the successful results they have achieved. I am very pleased to be able to tell you that your business for the first three months of the current year continues to be satisfactory. I now formally beg to move the adoption of the report and Balance-sheet for the year ended September 30, 1928, including payment on January 24 instant of a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share upon the issued Ordinary shares, free of British income tax. I may also mention that the directors have declared for the year 1928-29 an interim dividend of 10d. per share, free of British income tax, also payable on January 24, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 2s. 6d. per share.

Mr. S. J. Gillchrest (one of the Deputy Chairmen) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. W. R. Simpson, a shareholder, said: I have much pleasure in proposing: "That a vote of thanks be accorded to the Chairman for his conduct in the chair and to the directors and the staff for the efficient management of the affairs of the company during the past year." The vote of thanks to the Chairman, which usually concludes the proceedings of the general meeting, is sometimes a mere formality. In this case I venture to think that it is an expression of gratitude to the directors. (Hear, hear.) I would remind the shareholders that eleven years ago the ordinary capital of this company was round about 6¼ millions sterling. To-day the issued Ordinary capital is in excess of 23½ millions. Of this large increase shareholders had been privileged to receive a considerable number of shares for nothing credited as fully paid up, and for the balance they have not been asked to pay more than £1 per share, whereas the price of the shares to-day is £6 10s. During this period, since 1918, dividends have been paid aggregating over 290 per cent. on the capital paid up for the time being. Those results have been brought about by the genius for organisation of the board of directors presided over to-day by Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen. (Applause.)

Mr. G. R. Berkeley seconded the vote, which was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman (who was received with applause)—Mr. Simpson, Mr. Berkeley, Ladies and Gentlemen: On behalf of myself and my colleagues, I should like to say that we appreciate very much the cordial way in which you have received this resolution. The work of the company here is a pride to all of us, and we hope that we shall be able to go on being proud of our efforts and of the result of them. (Applause.)

The proceedings then terminated.



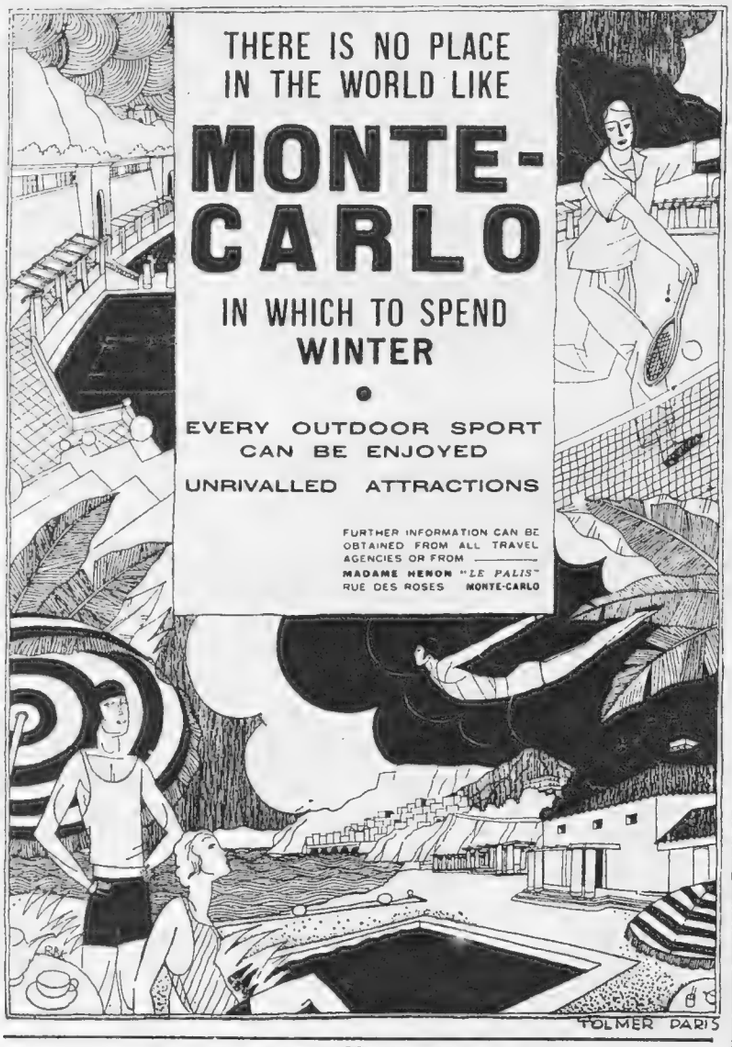
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Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1928

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	13,432,968
Reserve Fund	13,432,968
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	396,406,964
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	24,942,269
Engagements	49,498,865
ASSETS	
Coin, Gold Bullion, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	45,440,918
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Bills Discounted	63,347,503
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Woman's Ways By Mabel Howard

For Rivieran Morning, Noon, and Nights.

The Blue Train authorities declare that there are already a record number of sun-worshippers at the Riviera this winter. Perhaps that is why the modes have flown across the Channel to us so early this season, before



The latest jumper suit for the Riviera from the Maison Ross, introducing the new fluted skirt. It is expressed in canary and white wool.

they are repacked for the return to their native heath. In the morning, by the Côte d'Azur, jumper suits and *tailleurs* are, of course, inevitable. But the new jumper suits are slightly different from their predecessors. The most noticeable 1929 characteristic is the flared skirt instead of the familiar pleats. You can see this whim introduced very effectively in the smart little jumper suit pictured here, which is one of the new models of the Maison Ross, of 19, Grafton Street, W. It is carried out in canary and white wool, with a large tie and facings of crêpe-de-Chine. The charming little hat shows, too, the graceful new curve of the brim, which is a subtle blending of the "mushroom" and the bonnet.

Toilettes d'Après-Midi.

In the afternoon, the "little" frock is regaining its supremacy and taking the place of the more *habillé* jumper suit. Graceful lines and draperies, created by the hand of an artist, appear instead of embroideries and other decorations. A very striking example is the frock on the right, of crêpe-de-Chine in the fascinating new "cuire" tint, which is warmer than parchment, but not so pinky as mushroom or so brown as beige. This is another model of the Maison Ross, who are responsible for the morning, afternoon, and evening modes on this page. They have many little frocks of this *genre*, simple, youthful, and astonishingly distinctive with their flutes and panels introduced so cleverly to give effect without



An exquisite evening frock for Monte Carlo to be found at the Maison Ross, of 19, Grafton Street, W. It is of cyclamen ring velvet, with the front embroidered with shimmering paillettes and the back perfectly plain, forming a graceful train, crossing to one side.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

effort. The hat is very *chic* indeed—one of the newest skull-caps made entirely of satin ribbon crossing this way and that, with one long end falling over the shoulder.

Striking Casino Frocks.

A famous *couturier* has predicted that evening modes will be more distinguished this season than they have been for a great many years. Who can doubt the truth of this prophecy when they see the exquisite dress for the Casino and Sporting



The simple "robe d'après-midi" for the South, carried out in crêpe-de-Chine in the new shade of cuire. It is a model of the Maison Ross.

Club pictured on this page? The design combines many of the most important details of the coming fashions. The colour is the latest shade of cyclamen, which will be greatly in vogue this spring; and the plain back forming a dipping train, allied to a decorative front of the dress plentifully embroidered with sequins, is a new, most effective line. The material is ring velvet, which lends itself so admirably to clever lines and drapery. Another lovely frock to be seen in these salons is in white chiffon, with the front again quite plain, save for the suggestion of tiny little revers of diamanté turned back on the corsage. The back is very full and boasts a long spray of silver embroidery sweeping down to the fluted skirt. Satin is also fashionable for the

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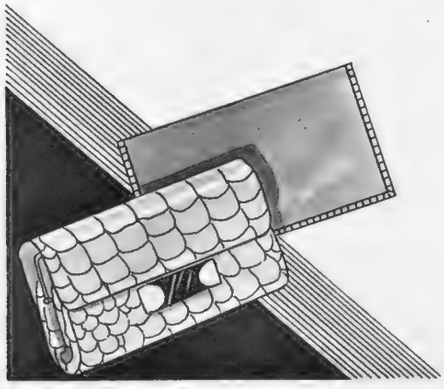
Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where there is already a large collection of very smart models for the coming season at home and abroad.



The rival modes of the turban and the large hat for the Riviera are seen at their best in these Paris models from Marshall and Snelgrove's. Above is a turban of black satin and baku from Patou, and on the left a wide-brimmed beige baku from Agnès.

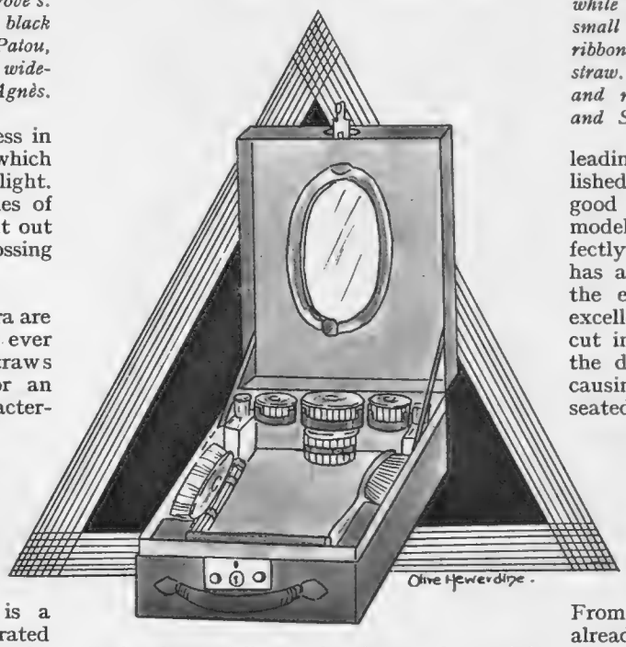
evening, and there is a dress in chartreuse-green silver satin which shimmers like water in moonlight. The frock follows closely the lines of the figure, and has the back cut out in a deep décolleté, held by crossing straps of diamanté.

The Mode in Hats. The hats for the Riviera are more fascinating than ever this season. Fine straws abound, of course, and also felts, or an alliance of the two. Four very characteristic new models, recent arrivals of Paris, are sketched at the top of this page. The first, in the top left-hand corner, is a creation of Patou, and is a brimless turban in black satin and baku straw. Agnès is responsible for the large beige baku below, trimmed with ribbed ribbon in shades of orange and soft browns. Opposite is a Le Monnier model in black baku decorated with tiny felt ivy-leaves appliquéd on the crown, the veins formed very cleverly by tiny little puckers of the straw appearing in between the felt. The fourth is another Patou design, a charming little affair made entirely of black petersham ribbon and biscuit-coloured lace straw, used in alternate stripes. These hats are all to be found at



The latest handbags from Mappin and Webb's include this beige crocodile with a tortoiseshell-and-gold clasp, and the plain blue seal pochette, edged with gold, which has a distinctive simplicity.

The Latest Handbags. A woman invariably connects hats with handbags, for it is useless to spoil one by the other being a season behind. Sketched at the foot of this page are a quartet of the latest handbags, and it will be noticed that all are in the rather flat, square shape once more, in a rather plainer style than has been favoured lately. Those on the left include a bag in beige crocodile finished with a beautiful tortoiseshell-and-gold clasp, and another in Lido-blue sealskin edged with gold. The price of the latter is £7 15s. Opposite is a distinctive beige seal bag, and above a model in beige and brown leather, minutely stitched. This costs only £3 10s. at Mappin and Webb's, 172, Regent Street; 158, Oxford Street; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., who are responsible for all the bags on the page. In the centre is one of the latest types of



Designed especially so that it may be carried from car to train by its fair owner is this new dressing-case from Mappin and Webb's, 172, Regent Street, W. It is of morocco fitted with silver-and-enamel toilet accessories.

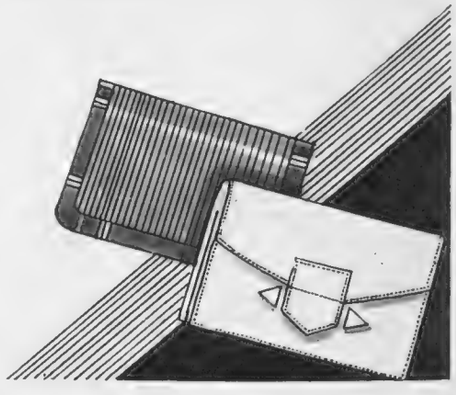
dressing-case, carefully constructed to be light enough for a woman to carry easily from the car to the train, etc. It is in navy-blue morocco leather lined with moiré, fitted with silver and blue enamelled fittings to match. This firm have a famous collection of bags, and there is even a wonderful handbag at one guinea, made of fine calf, fitted with purse, mirror, and inner compartment, and availaible in several colourings.

"Zip-Fastener" Corsets! So great is the vogue for the "zip" that it only remained for corsets to boast lightning fasteners, and now they have definitely arrived. And not only are they novel, fascinating, and amusing, but extremely practical, for the elastic is never stretched in pulling the corset on and off, and there is no bother of lacing. The "Zip" corset is one of the well-known Royal P.D. "Perfectline" models which are obtainable at all the



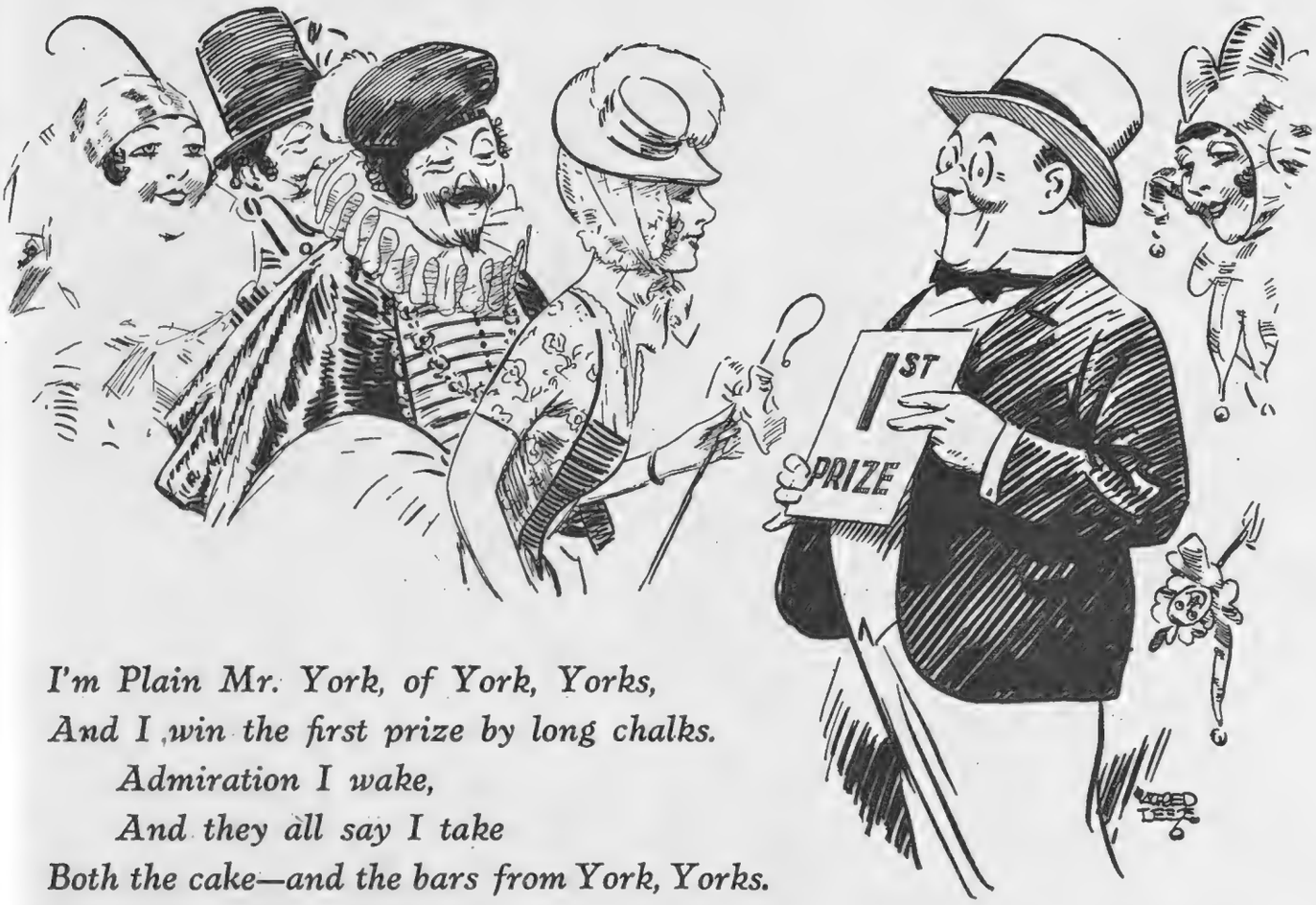
Le Monnier has designed the hat above in black baku, with appliquéd leaves of felt decorating the crown; while Patou interprets the small hat below in black ribbon and biscuit-coloured lace straw. Both are straight from Paris, and may be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

leading stores. It is an established fact that in this make only good materials are used, and every model, whatever the price, is perfectly finished. The one in question has a "zip" running down each side of the elastic belt, and costs 42s. Another excellent P.D. model is a wrap-around belt cut in a special way to ensure support to the diaphragm and to prevent any bones causing discomfort when the figure is seated or bent. This costs only 21s. There are corselets specially designed for different types of figure, and wrap-arounds, all cut with equal care. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application should be made to the Royal P.D. Corset Company, Paris House, Oxford Circus, W., for the name of the nearest agent. From the early fashions which have already escaped from Paris across the Channel, it is evident that frocks are going to be closely fitting once again, and therefore the importance of a good corset is obvious. The most expensive dress can be ruined by a badly groomed figure beneath. The "Zip" corset is an excellent idea which will appeal to all smart women.



Plain beige seal and brown and fawn stitched leather have been used for these new handbags for accompanying the trim "tailleurs." Sketched at Mappin and Webb's, 172, Regent Street, W.

1st PRIZE at the "PLAIN DRESS" BALL.



I'm Plain Mr. York, of York, Yorks,
And I win the first prize by long chalks.
Admiration I wake,
And they all say I take
Both the cake—and the bars from York, Yorks.

"Fancy that," murmured Mr. York. "I may be plain, but the girls all give me their vote just the same."

"Will you dance with me, dear Mr. York?" cooed little Bo Peep.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. York, "but I am afraid I can only do the cake walk."

"If a cake walk with Plain Mr. York is as good as a walk with a cake of Plain York, I shall love it."

"How beautifully you keep time with the bars, Mr. York," sighed the girl rapturously when the dance was over.

"Do I?" said Mr. York, highly flattered. "Well, I have a lot to do with bars—have you tried my new Almond Bar? I expect you're a bit hungry—have one now."

"Thank you," said the girl. "It's delicious. I always eat *your* chocolate because I know it's always good, both in cakes and bars."

"Certainly," said Mr. York, "the bars are just the same high quality as the larger cakes."

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PLAIN YORK

FINEST EATING CHOCOLATE

Plain York: ½-lb. cakes 1/-; 6d. cakes and 2d. bars.

Try Rowntree's 2d. Almond Bar—something new for 1929.

A DROP TOO MUCH.

(Continued from page 148.)

away and left hardly a trace—and a damn good thing, too, so far as I could gather. I remember there were times when that evil glow encircled the very gates of light, when I was scared stiff about dangers centuries before I was born. The worst, I think, was when simultaneously at Salamis and in Sicily Greek civilisation was fighting for its life. For some faint indication of the nature of the sensation, try and imagine the Rugger Match and the Boat Race simultaneous in time and contiguous in space, and your crowd getting home by a quarter of a length, and a try to nothing, while you were suspended in mid-air with a perfect view of both.

Etruria came to life—unpleasantly. But the star turn was Easter Island. As a sort of refrain to the changing scenes of cruelty and witchcraft and devilry of all sorts that damned place recurred ever and again. I don't propose to tell you anything about it, but all this was eighteen months ago, and still my sleep isn't always what it might be.

Finally this priceless command performance worked up to a climax. We shifted back to Easter Island once more, and when something quite unspeakable was at its height, I swear to you that Lester's Etruscan sportsman floated off his perch, and came and sat on top of the thing, glowing darkly red and incredibly evil. Then suddenly there was a flash inside, and the whole thing faded out. The room lights came on, and the Etruscan figure was sitting demurely on his perch. I rubbed my eyes and wondered if I'd been dreaming. Then I looked at Lester, whose white face and staring eyes told me that, if I had, he had at least had the same dream.

I went over to the fireplace, picked up the poker, and handed the gentleman from Etruria what was coming to him. That fetched Lester out of his trance all right. "You utter fool!" he screamed. "Think what we might have learned." And he went for me, head down, like a bull. If I hadn't been so thoroughly wrought up I'd have been more gentle. As it was, I pasted him one on the back of the head with the knob of the poker that put him out for a couple of minutes. I got him round, and the first thing he said was: "Never mind, I'll get another." "You will not," I said. "You're coming with me. You're going to do what I tell you, or there's going to be trouble. See? This episode is going to be blotted out, if I can manage it."



THE SOLUTION OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE IN OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 16.

He came. We went to my rooms, and there followed, I'm afraid, a fairly disgusting scene. Lester can't carry much at the best of times, and a terrific crack on the back of the head doesn't help. In about half-an-hour he was wholesomely blind; unfortunately, I've got a head that is the envy of my lower acquaintances, and after a while I found it necessary to mix 'em. Lester insisted on drinking level, and on the whole I thought I'd let him.

After ringing the changes on the spirits without feeling much worse, I tried the old beer-port-beer "sandwich," and that did it. Lester passed completely out before I got quite away, so I managed to park him on my sofa to sleep. I wasn't having him going back to his rooms that night. The treatment, with Lester, was a howling success. Late next morning I found him still asleep. I woke him and asked him how he felt.

"Cheap, old man, damned cheap. I say, we must have hit the place a crack last night. Funny thing, I don't remember a thing about it." And even when he got back to his rooms and found his infernal figure smashed to bits, he didn't remember. Grand thing for creating a fog, alcohol.

Unfortunately, as you will have gathered, I was not wholly successful with myself. There is a merciful vagueness about my recollections, but not in every particular. "In spite of a certain amount of superficial knowledge," says the acknowledged authority on the subject, "the mystery of Easter Island remains, and probably will always remain, insoluble."

Not to me. I wish to God it had.

THE END.

Copy of a letter received 20th December, 1928.

Dear Sirs,

In reply to your letter of the 14th inst., I now enclose a copy of the photograph of my Rolls-Royce car which I showed you at your office.

The accident was a "head on" collision with a very heavy Lorry; but, in spite of the great force of the impact, the only damage to the glass of the car (which is Triplex" throughout) was a small star in the windscreen where it was struck by my Passenger's head.

I consider this a wonderful tribute to the merits of Triplex Glass, and I am convinced that had my car been fitted with ordinary plate glass the results would have been appalling.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

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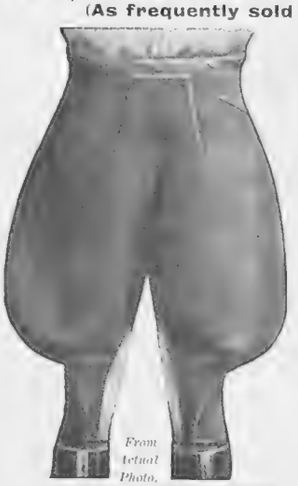
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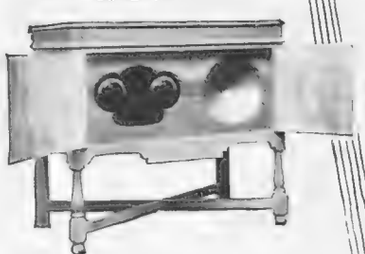
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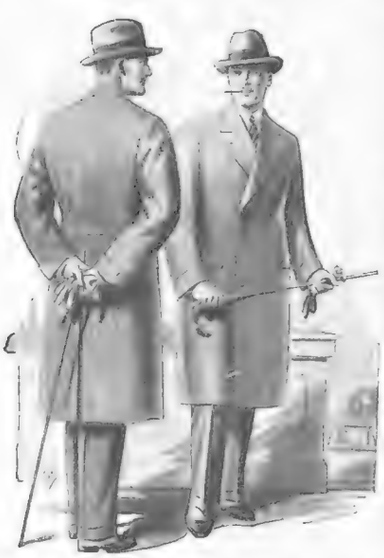
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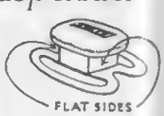
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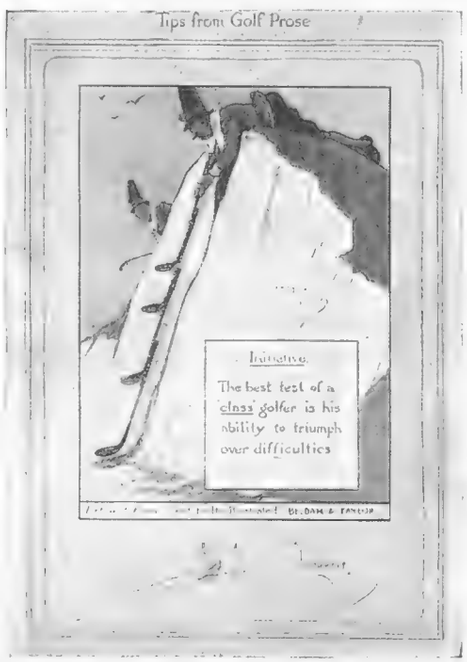
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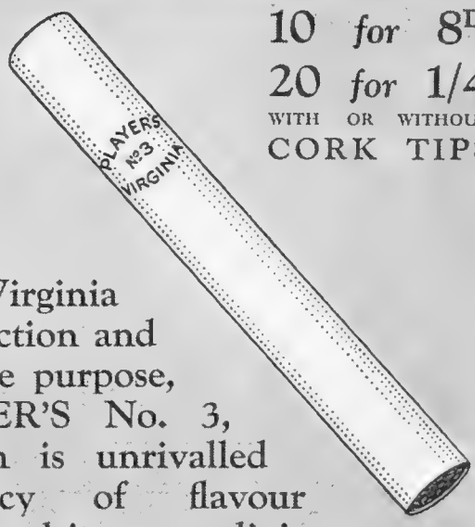
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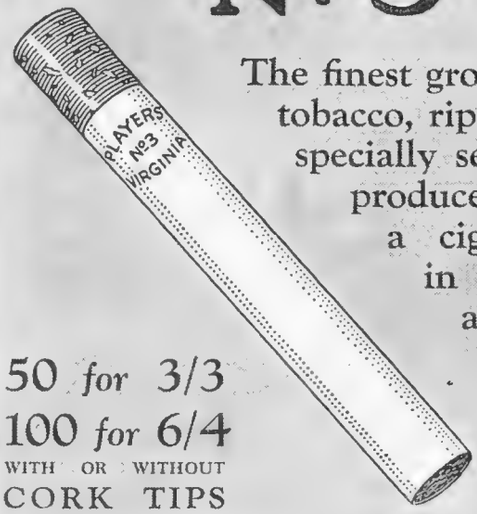
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Home now. And your passengers — strangers to the Riley "9" — declare it's rightly named "the Wonder Car." You touched high speeds, but the springing and the roominess always ensured their perfect comfort. Your cornering was a little daring, perhaps, but the road holding qualities of this delightful car justified it and gave you and them confidence and a sense of security.

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MOTLEY NOTES.

(Continued from page 132.)

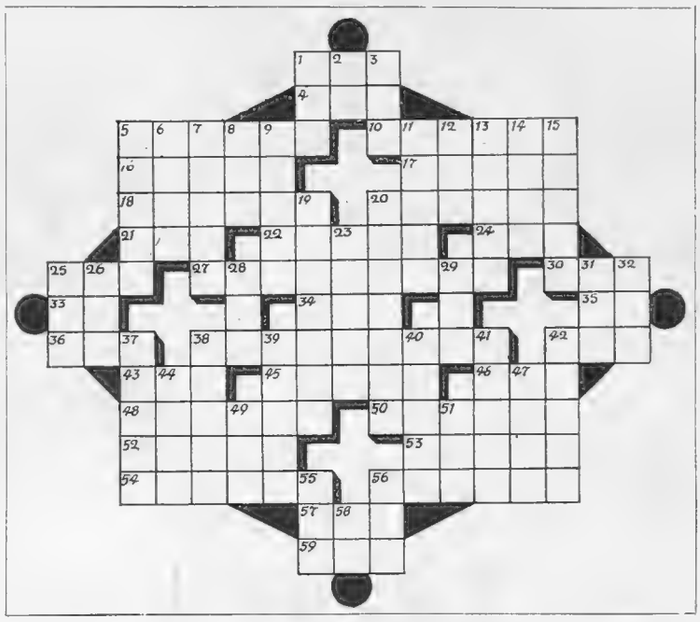
have begun it, you cannot stop. A pint taken in childhood often leads to lifelong indulgence. Ready as we are to follow the counsel of Professor Dixon and all the experts who advise us on our food and drink, the difficulties, for a plain man, are considerable. It would be interesting to go from door to door in Harley Street making up an ideal diet. I venture to think that the result would be that one would eat and drink everything whatever, animal, mineral, and vegetable, or else nothing whatever except air; and even that can be notoriously unhygienic. It pains and grieves me to see friends, whom I otherwise respect, at one moment gnawing raw carrots and at another curdling all their endocrine secretions with unsweetened lemon-juice. There was a time when black meat was lingering suicide; now they are preaching—yes, this is the latest—a Gospel of Lamb's Fry. Next year, Sir Amenhotep Gall-bladder will go puce at the mere mention of liver-and-bacon. The world awaits a great scientist who will arise and say: "Tummy, know thyself. The abdomen knoweth its own sorrow. If you can't find out for yourself what is good and what is bad for you, you are an ass; and if you go on absorbing things which you know are bad for you, you deserve what you get; and what you will get is to pay doctors large fees for politely refraining from stating the plain facts. If you can stand a cocktail, order one; if you can't (which is very likely), and you insist on saturating yourself with them, order your coffin. And if you *must* drink water, whole water, and nothing but water, then do: and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

ALAN KEMP.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from page 170.)

occurrence by something which one was an ass not to have thought of, that would have been really brilliant of him. Actually, his explanation is so elaborate—not to say incredible—that I wearied of it before its end. But I must confess it at once as a personal idosyncrasy that I derive no pleasure from working out the solutions of mysteries in terms of feet and inches, minutes and seconds. It may be crude of me, but I prefer the broader, more dramatic effects. There are many, however, who feel otherwise, and they will find the very kind of thing they want in this tale. There is no doubt of its ingenuity, and, if you are one of the people who can't have too much of that commodity, discount what I have said; for it is doubtless merely through the deficiency of my own grey matter that I *can* have too much of it.



For Solution of the Cross-Word Puzzle in our issue of January 16, see page 180.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Grief.
4. Sin.
5. Written matter.
10. Charge.
16. Value.
17. Helps to make music.
18. Esteem.
20. Seam.
21. Dread.
22. Foolish.
24. Edge.
25. "The —— trick."
27. By name only.
30. Esculent root.
33. Exists.
34. Denotes famous highway.
35. Attempt.
36. Mineral spring.
38. Excite.
42. Not a crowd.
43. Expresses contempt.
45. Men.
46. Bestow (Scots).
48. Trophies.
50. Deprive.
52. Record.
53. Greek.
54. Indian soldiers.
56. Hebraic.
57. Numeral.
59. Still.

DOWN.

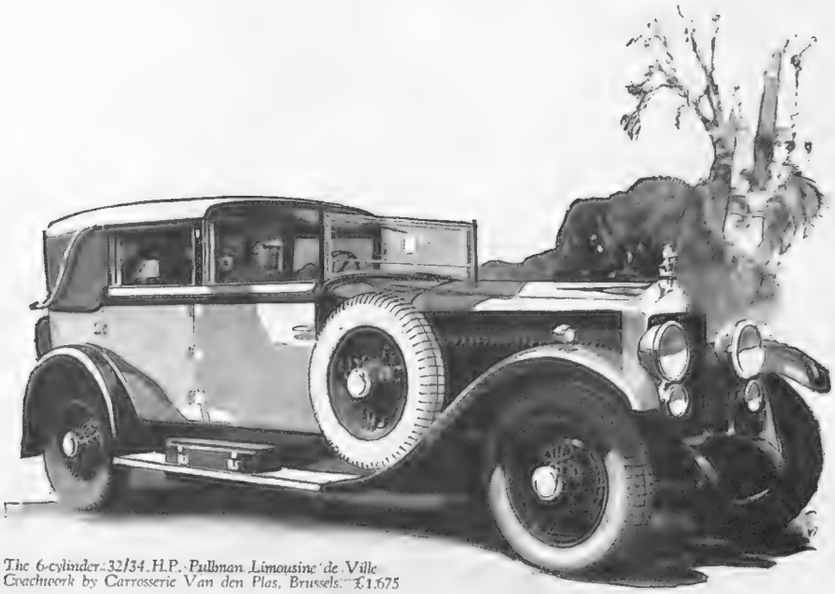
1. Moist.
2. Conjunction.
3. Period.
5. Fish.
6. Company.
7. Split.
8. Chill.
9. Island in Red Sea.
11. Hard-hearted.
12. Dwelling-place.
13. Excessive interest.
14. Island in Persian Gulf.
15. Antagonist.
19. Riddles.
20. Entangled.
23. Cancel.
25. Denotes possession.
26. Killed a queen.
28. Many times.
29. Destiny.
31. "The Ice ——."
32. Cut down.
37. Recesses.
38. Acute
39. Signify.
40. "Stage ——."
41. Swiss lake.
42. Transport.
44. Skin affection.
47. English river.
49. Card game.
51. Declare.
55. Pen.
56. Opposite to No. 29.
58. Those concerned.

THE GODDESS OF MINERVA AUTOMOBILES

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-perfect and permanent

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with durability

SPEED
with silky smoothness



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Miss Phyllis Dare
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"Pond's is a great name amongst women—deservedly great because it helps to preserve what women most highly value, their personal charm. I am very pleased to say that, in my opinion, Pond's live up to their reputation in their two new products—the Tissues and the Freshener."

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(1) *Pond's Cold Cream* for cleansing to the depths of the pores where soap and water cannot reach—for softening and nourishing. (2) *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* for removing the cold cream without injury to the skin and without laundry costs. Soft as silk, they absorb cream and impurities. (3) *Pond's Skin Freshener* to close the pores and invigorate the tissues. Deliciously refreshing, it makes the skin firm and brings the colour to the cheeks. (4) *Pond's Vanishing Cream* for the final touch of loveliness. It gives the skin a velvety surface and protects it from the weather.

168

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CCLXXXV.

IS AUCTION BRIDGE DYING?

I CAN'T help wondering whether 1928 has not seen a serious decline in auction bridge playing, and whether 1929 may not see it fade away altogether. It is a long time since I said here that auction had a serious rival in poker. I did not believe that poker would last, and, although it is at present in a more flourishing condition than ever, I still fancy that one of these days the bottom will drop right out of it and that, as a serious card proposition, we shall hear no more about it. In the meantime, however, the fact must be faced that it is attracting more and more of our bridge-players. But, as I said not so long ago, there is now a still more serious rival to auction, and one that is likely to become a stayer—I refer to contract bridge.

Why the bridge tables are thinning out is rather difficult to say. Auction still retains its charm as a popular game of cards: it is easy to play—so easy, in fact, that it flatters the player's vanity in that now and again he or she cannot help making the grand slam, much to his or her personal satisfaction; it has a big element of gambling (call it chance, if you like) which, of course, is an asset to any game of cards, and in itself is another means of flattering the players' vanity, since they can (and do) defend their bad play as being due entirely to the unlucky chance of that particular hand. Bridge, then, in a few words, is a game at which any player, once having passed out of the bridge nursery, is entitled to consider himself as good as, if not better than, any of the other fellows. Again, it can be played with equal interest for all kinds of stakes and to suit all kinds of pockets. (I personally know a man who plays for stakes of one pound per hundred every afternoon, and for one shilling per hundred every evening, and is equally keen at both.) Further, although the amount in theory to be won or lost at a rubber is unlimited, still in practice this amount is kept within reasonable limits—this is a matter of some importance. No other game has so many points in its favour to make and keep it popular, and yet undoubtedly it is losing ground. To some extent, of course, this is due to the bickerings and hard words used at the card-table; one single unpleasant personality can clear a card-room. I myself know a player who has successfully done this, not so much by vilifying partners, but by sarcastic looks and remarks about opponents' play. Personally, I do not think the American conventions helped the game over here; although most players employ them, I fancy in their heart of hearts they would feel happier had they never been introduced to them. "Your double one and two, partner?" What a nuisance this cross-examination of each fresh partner—to say nothing of having to memorise the reply. The original bid of two, and the bid of one in a minor suit on two quick tricks, are detrimental to the game, in my opinion. Such bids have introduced an element of uncertainty into the calling, which so often leads to heartbreaking and disastrous results. Mainly we have to thank America for all this. What good has it done, may I ask?—what does a double of one or two, an original call of two, or a bid of one club or diamond convey to the mind of your average bridge-player? Nothing definite, I swear, and so I contend they are not to the welfare of the game.

I have already said that contract is a serious and permanent rival to auction bridge. But contract will never enjoy one-tenth the popularity that auction has. It is too good a game; it takes ten times as much skill, and that does not tend towards popularity in a card game. It will attract all the big card-players and card-lovers, and they will never come back to auction. A majority of the rest will join the poker tables (*pro tem.*); the others will, I hope, remain faithful to bridge—but will there be enough left to keep the game going? In the meantime, I am glad to be able to inform my readers that arrangements have been made with the B.B.C. to broadcast a series of bridge hands by a set four. This four consists of Mrs. Stafford Northcote, Mr. Manning Foster, Mr. Jack Dalton, and myself. The first hand was to be broadcast on Monday, Jan. 21, at 11 p.m., when comments on the declaration and play of the cards were to be given by each player. Full details of these hands will appear in the *Listener*, and I hope that you will all find them interesting, amusing, and possibly instructive.

SIMPLE BRIDGE PLAYING HAND NO. 14.

This hand is really not so simple, but the play of it seemed to me so neat and pretty that I can't resist including it in this series. The score was love all. Z dealt and bid one club; A bid one spade; and the others passed. A's (player's) and B's (dummy's) hands were—

SPADES—3, 2.
HEARTS—Q, Kn, 10, 5, 4.
CLUBS—10, 6, 4.
DIAMONDS—A, K, Kn.
B (dummy)

Y——————————Z

A (player)
SPADES—A, K, Q, Kn.
HEARTS—A, K.
CLUBS—9, 8, 7, 5, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—3.

At trick one, Y led the eight of diamonds. Put yourself in A's place and play the hand.



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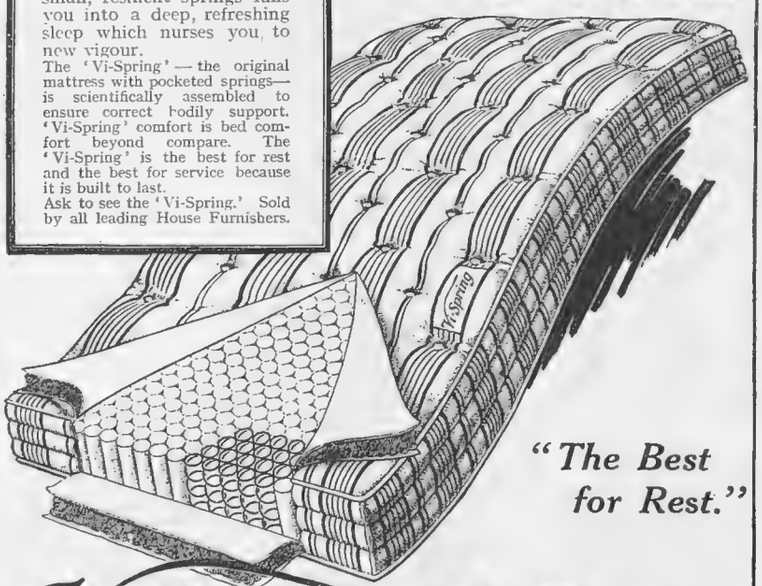
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City Notes. Our Stroller in Throgmorton Street.

"DON'T you find this work pretty trying?" said Our Stroller, as he pulled up his coat-collar and marked time vigorously on the cold, cold ground in Shorter's Court.

He glanced up at the Stock Exchange windows, and again he shivered. "Why don't they open the place on cold nights?" he asked. "This is enough to give you chaps your death of pneumonia and pleurisy."

"Pre-war," replied an elderly broker, "we used to reckon about twenty to twenty-five deaths a winter, when fellows had to stay out here for the Yankee Market until eight o'clock every night."

"Deaths from——"

"Chill and exposure. Also damp—outside and in. Those were the days of the Hard-Boiled Egg Club. Before your time, I reckon."

"Before my time? Why, lots of us went through it, and survived. Thought ourselves jolly lucky if we made six-pounds-five, and were able to go home level. Whatter life!"

"It's better now?" suggested Our Stroller.

"Most of us pack up by six, unless there's some special entertainment in Wall Street—Nickels or Victors or Columbias jumping about. Then we may hang around until a bit later. But not eight o'clock, thank you very much."

"When I was an authorised clerk," recalled another member, "my boss used to give me half of anything I made in the Street, whether I dealt with the firm's brokers or my own. I did quite well in the Kaffir boom time. One night I remember——"

His broker nudged Our Stroller in the ribs. "Come on," said he, "that's another of our Channel Tunnels—the Greatest Bore on Earth. You've met some previously, you know."

"I don't like your Shorter's Court night club," declared Our Stroller, with another violent shiver. "Ask the price of Monds for me——"

"Monds! Monds! Who said Monds?" cried a voice from the middle of the group. It gave them the price, and its owner shouldered his way out of the press.

"Anything to do?" he asked.

"No, thanks. Wonderful market, aren't they?"

"New York's doing it all, of course. If the Yanks turned sellers, where would half these things be?"

"Monds have a wonderful property, old man. And the Roan Antelope is an abnormally good mine. You're not dealing in ramps with either of those."

"It's a curious fact that the high-priced shares are those which have paid their followers best in the recent boom. Take Swedish Match, or Imps.; Courtaulds, Monds, or Brazilian Tractions: heaps of other things. It's the big shares where the big money has been made."

"Insurance shares, you might have added. They are all on the rise, I notice."

"Shipping doesn't seem to go."

"What about P. and O.? They've had a tidy rise. That's another example of high-priced stock, although it's quoted in Units now."

"Can't we shift out of this draught?" asked Our Stroller, stamping his feet. "I'm afraid I should never make a stockbroker."

"You might, if you gave him enough orders," was the reply. "My own requirements would be very modest. Give me fifty thou., and I'll go."

"Two thousand a year net? Pooh! That wouldn't be half enough for a man of your expensive tastes. Why, I've heard you admit going to the Richmond Ice Club, and to the local Flicks. Then there's your stud of cars."

"Ah, I'd forgotten them. Yes; my cars. Cumbrous things; painted scarlet. Number Eleven when I can get one with an enclosed top. It would certainly be a wrench to part from them."

"With fifty thou. you could put a pony into War Fours, Treasury Fives, Brum. preference, Newfoundland scrip, and British India preference."

"Thank you, dear. And after that?"

"Push a tenner into such stocks as the Eastern Cable companies will become."

"That's a brainy idea."

"Five thousand into shares that are practically certain to improve in course of time."

STOCKS AND SHARES MENTIONED IN THESE DESPATCHES.

Gilt-Edged Securities.
Eastern Cable Stocks.
Hudson's Bay.
Sudan Syndicate.
Chinese Mining.
Thomas Tilling.
"Majorities."
Canadian Pacific.
Rubber and Oil.

"Please give instances."

"Hudson's Bays; Sudan Syndicates, Chinese Mining and Engineering, Thomas Tilling——"

"Oo!"

"Why not? They will be absorbed by the Underground group one day, and the company won't consent until good terms are offered."

"Proceed. You'll keep me out of Home Railways stocks, won't you?"

"If you insist. After all, it's your own money we're dealing with, you know."

"At present, dear lad, it's somebody else's. I'm only endeavouring to allure a few shillings into my direction, in exchange for my work as a member of the Stock Exchange."

"You're leaving out a lot of likely stocks, aren't you?"

"If you want me to draw up a scheme for the investment of your money, give me half-an-hour and half a tenner."

"Never mind about the five-pound note. But look here: are these suggestions of yours to be regarded as permanent investments, or am I to sell on any decent profit?"

"The gilt-edged stocks are for ever, or, at any rate, till the British Empire goes bust. The others——"

"Won't matter if the Empire's no longer on the Square."

"Oh, Leicester! Let me thank thee for that word. I love the man who will gambol in phrases."

"The retort's too obvious for me to offend you with it. But mayn't I speculate at all?"

"Would you like a few Majorities, shall we say?"

"I thought you couldn't deal in them yet?"

"Some of the fellows say they prefer to wait until we get nearer to the date of the General Election. But I dare say you might be able to get on, if you were really keen. The Liberal Party is the dark horse, naturally."

"And the flapper vote makes it more of a gamble. I'll think it over, and try to work out my idea of the result. If you deal in Majorities, must it be in pounds, or can you do it in half-crowns or shillings?"

"Don't know yet. Anyway, you had better try something else first, for the balance of your money. Canadian Pacifics appeal to you?"

"Only as a holder of them already. I believe they will go a good ten dollars higher; but with heavy stuff of that sort you want such a lot of money to play with."

"I've told you that the bank——"

"Yes, I know. It's tempting to take a loan on them, yet the bank interest won't be covered by the dividend on the shares, will it?"

"Not quite. On, no"—he calculated roughly—"the interest would come to well above the dividend. Not that that matters when you're on a good thing."

"What put me off Mond Nickels," said a member, "was the contango rate being between ten and fifteen per cent. That seemed to me to show a ragged bull account, and I refused to touch the shares. They went up four or five quid afterwards."

"It doesn't always pay to judge by appearances," said Our Stroller's broker. "When the American Navy came into the war, some of their crack ships carried flags with the letter 'E' on them."

"What for?"

"I was going to tell you. The 'E' stood for Efficiency—as the American Navy knew it. When the Americans entered the war, and saw the British Navy at close quarters, those letters melted like ice-cream on a hot-potato can. You may ask any American Navy officer if you want it confirmed."

The others laughed. "I've heard," said a jobber, "that in one naval engagement the Americans were ordered to go five miles astern of the hindmost British man-o'-war, and now they come and buy shares from us, so our money is trickling back to this country."

"Can't I speculate at all?" repeated the plaintive voice. "There's my other ten thousand, which I haven't got, but which I want to spend. How about rubber?"

"The rise was rather premature, and a shade too fast."

"Well, oils?"

"You mean oil wells, presumably. Trinidad Leaseholds, if you like. And Shells, or Burmah debenture."

"Supposing that I've got only five thousand, instead of the fifty you're playing about with. How about that? Have I got to put it all into gilt-edged stock, Sir?"

"No fear. You might start with a thousand of it in Conversion; after that—well, I'll see you later and——"

"But I'm going away for a couple of weeks."

"Right you are. Tell me when you come back how much you've lost, and we'll try to make it up. Cheerio!"

Friday, Jan. 18, 1929

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